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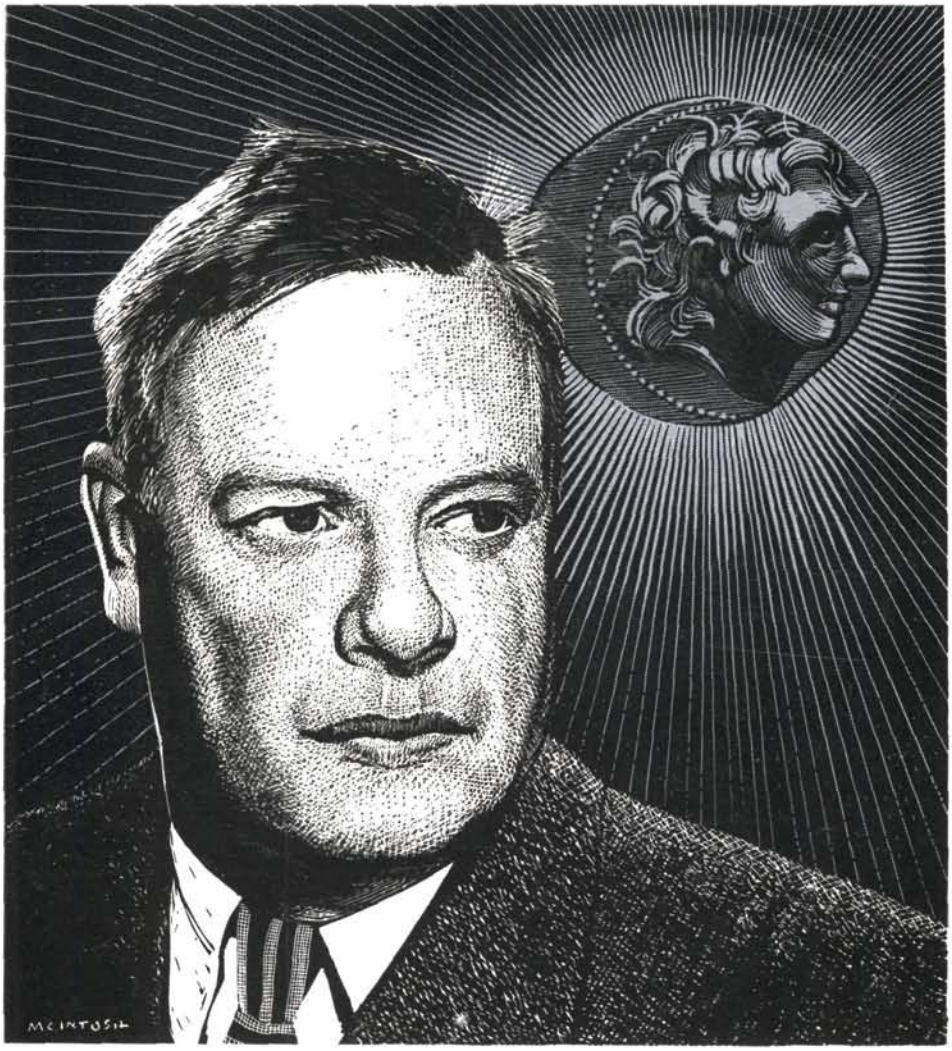

Charles Alexander Robinson, author of "Alexander the Great." (See page 7)

The Meeting of East and West: Act I

By ELMER DAVIS

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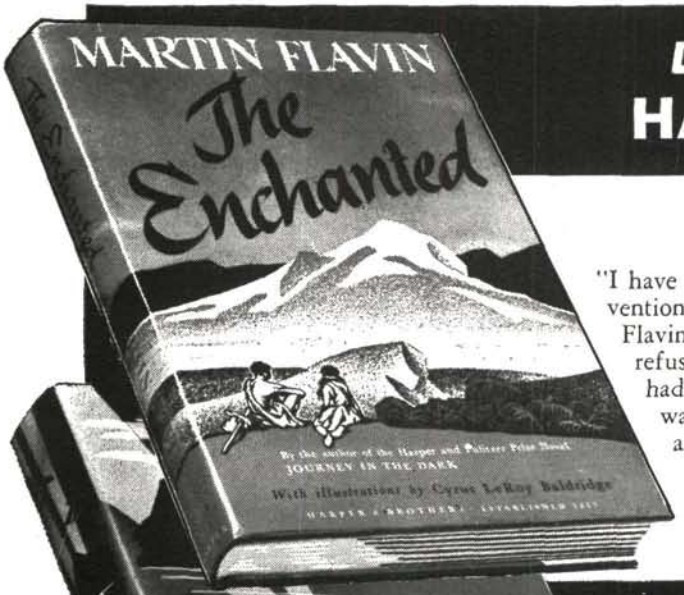
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The Enchanted
By the author of the Harper and Pulitzer Prize Novel
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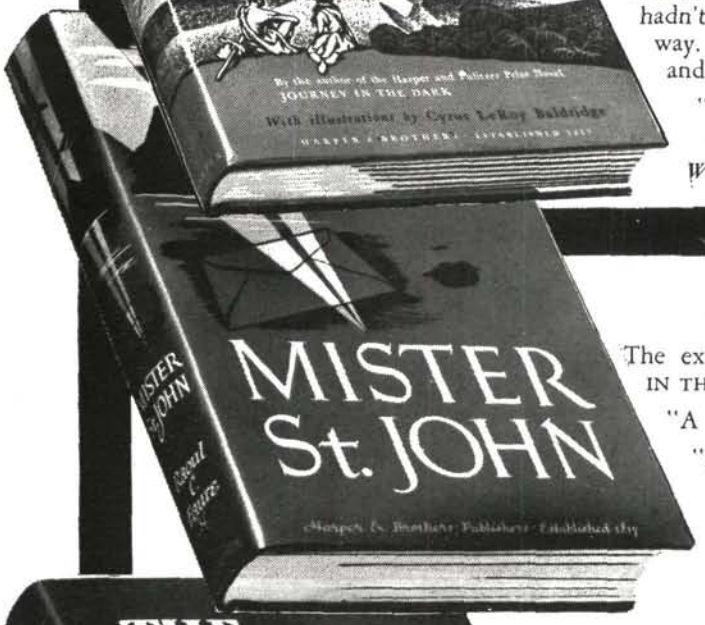
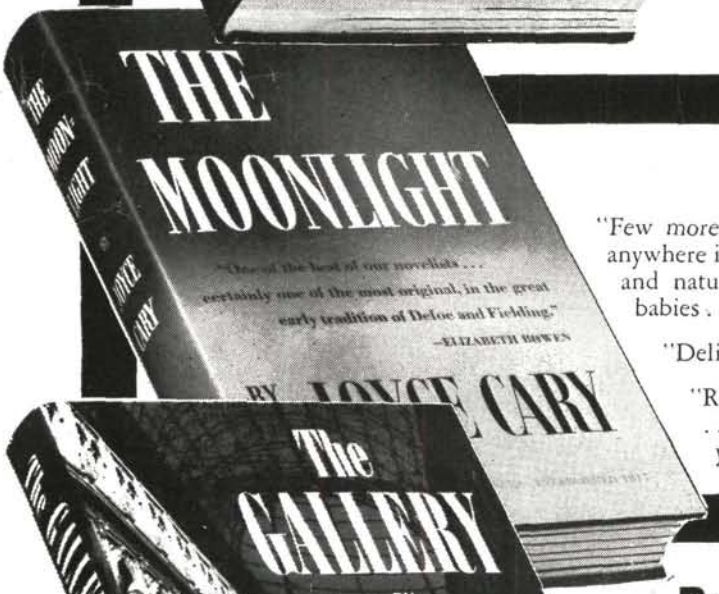
With illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge
HARPER & BROTHERS

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—ELIZABETH BOWEN
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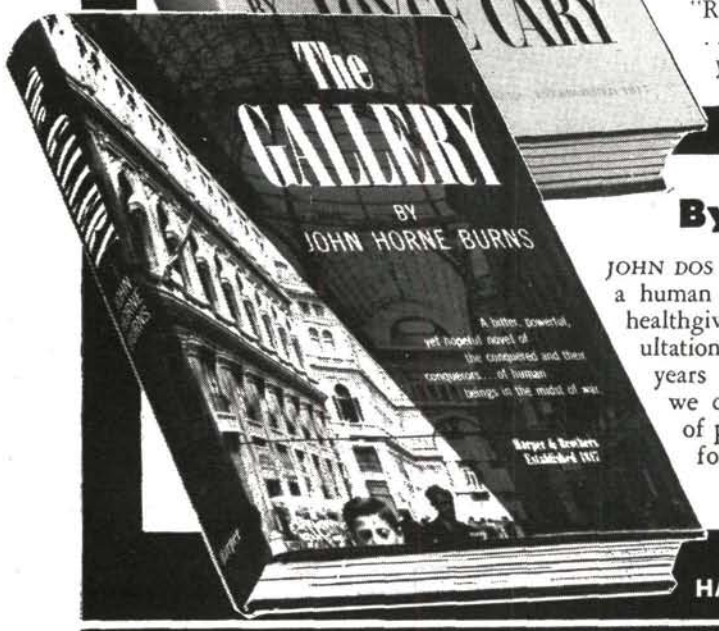

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Jean-Paul SARTRE

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT

WE deem it a privilege to announce publication of the first book to appear in America on the philosophy of EXISTENTIALISM, written by its leader and chief protagonist, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE.

Since the liberation of France, Jean-Paul Sartre and Existentialism have been the hotly debated postwar storm centers in philosophy and literature. People have sensed that Sartre is occupied with a philosophy that is immediately involved in the peculiar confusions that beset this generation in all aspects of its civilization.

In this book, Sartre explains and analyzes the essence of the "movement": That man is personally responsible for what he is and what he does; that there are no values external to man; that man chooses his values and makes himself, and may therefore choose different values and may choose to be a different person.

This is the heart of Sartre's philosophy. It tries to make man acutely aware of his freedom; a philosophy both frightening and liberating.

EXISTENTIALISM will be published on August 18. Because present conditions necessitated a limited edition, we suggest that you order your copy of EXISTENTIALISM now from your bookseller or, if you wish, directly from the publishers by sending your remittance of $2.75 to the

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TRADE Winds

AS THOUGH BY prearranged signal, a dozen leading publishers in the past month have awakened suddenly from a Rip Van Winkle slumber to discover that the Rip Van Tinkle of the cash register has died down to a whisper. Their cries of distress, added to the croakings of perennial Gloomy Gusses who always have viewed the literary scene through soot-colored glasses, have resulted in a wail that reduces Moby Dick to a minnow by comparison. And truth to tell, this time the publishing gentry really have something to complain about. Fantastic jumps in production costs and overhead, coupled with reluctance to pass on the increases to a public whose demands are slackening anyway, have reduced publishers' profits to the vanishing point. Today they count on subsidiary rights to recover the losses sustained in regular publishing operations. That situation is not only unhealthy; it is intolerable. Until it is remedied, a publisher's lot will not be a happy one.

The economics of the publishing business have a certain Alice-in-Wonderland quality under the best of circumstances. Five out of every six books published are certain losers from their inception, and their sponsors cheerfully have counted on one best seller to make up the deficit. Today's occasional best seller no longer can carry the load. Dick Simon, of Simon & Schuster, for example, did some rapid calculating when one of his big current novels crossed the hundred-thousand mark. After all expenses, advertising, and the current average overhead of thirty per cent were deducted, the net profit was exactly seven hundred dollars!

Reasons are not difficult to find.

One: Office salaries jumped sharply (and justifiably) the moment governmental restrictions were lifted. They are probably at the top now, but cannot be lowered until living expenses go down too. Office boys who once drew twelve dollars a week now rate thirty. A thirty-seven-and-a-half-hour week once seemed an unattainable dream; today staffs that have it are clamoring for a cut to thirty-five!

Two: Raw materials are still soaring in price. Paper mills, despite record profits, posted another increase this spring. Continuing shortages cause delays and increase costs. As Henry Morgan put it, a stitch in time now saves only six.

Three: Printing and binding bills have run up so sharply that the average cost of every book is almost double what it was five years ago.

Four: Receipts have dwindled at the same time expenses were multiplying. Profitable bulk orders from government sources ceased entirely; overstocked chain and department stores curtailed purchases at least temporarily; retail shops won virtually unlimited return privileges; authors and agents demanded ever larger advances and cuts of subsidiary rights.

Pressed from all sides, the publishers' first recourse lay in raising the retail price of their books. But how far dared they go? They had held the line while other prices were going up; now buyer resistance was becoming more marked. They watched the building industry price itself into a tailspin, had little inclination to follow in its steps. William Sloane took the bull by the horns and raised the price of all his novels to $3.50. This price has not stymied the success of such first-rate novels as "The Left Hand Is a Dreamer" and "The Big Sky," but the lesser items on his list have not fared so well. Circulating libraries in particular have curtailed their orders.

Alfred McIntyre, canny head of Little, Brown, one of the best-run and most highly respected houses in the country, states flatly:

To increase the retail prices of books percentage-wise to match increased costs of manufacture is to drive the consumer away from the bookstores. During the war economies in book manufacture were secured by making books smaller and thinner, with narrower margins and fewer pages, but the limit has long since been reached in that respect. In order to match new increases in cost, we really would have to price novels at four and five dollars, juveniles at three, and books like Bartlett's "Quotations" at ten. This we do not propose to do.

The break-even point for a publisher used to be 2,500 to 4,000 copies; now it is 10,000. As a demonstration, here are the costs of a novel of average length, in an edition of 10,000 copies:

Composition and plates	$ 1,500
Manufacture @ 40¢ a copy	4,000
Advertising (10% of the retail price is the accepted average)	3,000
Royalty to the author (10% on the first 2,500; 12½% on the next 2,500; 15% thereafter)	3,900
Overhead at 30% (including sales expense and shipping)	5,100
Total	$17,500

Let us say that this publisher prices his novel at three dollars, and sells out the entire edition. His average discount is forty-three per cent—about forty per cent to retail stores and forty-six per cent to jobbers—so his receipts will balance his expenses exactly, and allow not one penny's profit! I must add that most novels today do not sell ten thousand copies.

Why people who accepted sharp increases in the cost of food, clothing,

"They're wonderful, my dear—so ugly and repulsive."

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and theatre and motion picture tickets as unpleasant but necessary should take as a personal affront a much smaller increase in the price of books, is something of a mystery. When, for instance, my own firm was compelled to raise Modern Library books from the ninety-five-cent price that prevailed way back in 1922 to $1.25 in 1947, one reader complained, "Evidently you care more for lining your pockets than for increasing the distribution of masterpieces by Shakespeare and Dostoievsky." We answered that until we could find a butcher who would swap a sirloin steak for a copy of "Crime and Punishment," we'd have to make a living just like everybody else. Spencer Scott, of Harcourt, Brace told me of another brush one of his textbook salesmen had with a Midwestern grain merchant who also served as chairman of his state purchasing board. The chairman objected violently to paying two dollars for "the selfsame book you sold me three years ago at a dollar-fifty." The salesman silenced him by pointing out, "This is a bargain we're offering you. Three years ago it took the price of two full bushels of wheat to buy that book. Now you get it for three-quarters of a single bushel."

Fortunately, price raising is not the only expedient possible for hard-pressed publishers. They can concentrate on finding more economical ways of making books—like Doubleday means to do in its new plant. They can stop taking full-page ads to satisfy their own vanity when single columns will suffice. They can work harder themselves. They can stop throwing elaborate parties that are attended largely by hangers-on who lack even the grace to say thank-you. They can publish less trash. They can refuse to pay ridiculous advances on sample chapters simply to keep dubious projects out of the hands of competitors. And above all, they can sit down together at long last and work out a basic contract that will ensure them at least a fraction of the rights that play producers secured for themselves many years ago.

As a result of their pact with the Dramatists' Guild, producers today get a flat forty per cent of the motion picture rights to all plays. In sharp contrast, publishers rarely get anything from the sale of novels to the same source. In the early days of motion pictures, many publishers admittedly grabbed too big a share of the picture rights, and even today a few continue to take unfair advantage of newcomers. On really important books, however, they have permitted agents to play one publisher against another, and been shut out entirely as a result. An example of how unfairly the present system can work out is John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." In novel form, this work was an outstanding success, high on the best-seller lists for months. When the play was produced, considerably later, it had a limited run and was considered a failure. The picture rights fetched something like $300,000, of which the producer received forty per cent and the publisher nothing! Most publishers today believe they should receive a minimum of five per cent and a maximum of twenty per cent of all motion picture and radio rights (the exact percentage depending on factors involved), on the grounds that their exploitation of the original novel is vital in determining its value in those fields.

Two other sources of subsidiary revenue are reprint editions and book club selections. The reprint market has been sagging of late, particularly in the twenty-five-cent field, but occasional bonanzas from the Book-of-the-Month Club and the far-flung enterprises of the Literary Guild have kept more than one publisher from throwing in the sponge. Some booksellers are still fighting the clubs (and one horse trader in Texas refuses to recognize the existence of the automobile), but actual statistics, proving that most book club selections and dividends become best sellers in the stores as well, have taken the sting out of their criticism. Certainly the clubs are doing more than anyone else to create more book readers in this country. Some day, maybe, it will be possible again to publish books at a decent profit, and the fight for subsidiary rights of all kinds will no longer be a battle for sheer survival. Until that day, maybe all of us should make a few allowances.

This presentation is frankly a case of special pleading. The book buyer, the bookseller, and the author have stated their cases time and again; I felt a compulsion to give the publisher's side a hearing. Whether or not it will convince anybody is another question. I'd like to hear from readers of *SRL*. I have in mind the story of two eminently successful psychoanalysts who occupied offices in the same building. One was forty years old, the other over seventy. They rode down on the elevator together at the end of an unbearably hot, sticky day. The younger man was completely done in, and he noted with some resentment that his senior was fresh as a daisy. "I don't understand," he marveled, "how you can listen to drooling patients from morning till night on a day like this and still look so spry and unbothered when it's over." The older analyst said simply, "*Who listens?*" BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

SOME of you may remember back to two of these columns in which I went hog-wild over a book called *The West Window* by L. P. HARTLEY, a book which got wonderful reviews and then died quietly.

The chief characters of that book were two children, Eustace and Hilda Cherrington, Eustace having been born in 1896. Now, in **The Sixth Heaven** by HARTLEY, we find Eustace grown to the uncertain sophistication of twenty-three and enjoying the transient luxuries of Oxford and Venice in 1919, while Hilda helps to run a clinic for crippled children.

To the psychologist and to the analytical reader, it would be most interesting to read both books in proper order; but MR. HARTLEY manages with the aid of subtle flashbacks to inject this new novel with the background of the former and to reappraise the former through the maturing minds of the characters. So that while this latest novel is a companion piece, it stands on its own feet as a complete unit and a subtle work of art, lashing out like Waugh at the pseudo-intellectualism of society made rich by war.

The **Sixth Heaven** is a book you can settle down with in the leafy quiet of summer, knowing you are in the hands of somebody who can write. It's a juicy book, juicy like a canvas that is rich in underpainting. It literally blooms with imagery. Chiefly it is a study of a young man, who, acquiring temporarily a bloated sense of values, comes through the catharsis of writing a novel and the shock of seeing his triumphant sister jilted, to reappraise his own worth and the worth of those about him. But this sounds like a publisher's blurb—and I can only repeat, it's the way the story is written that counts. Hartley Revisited, you might call it, and it's well worth the trip.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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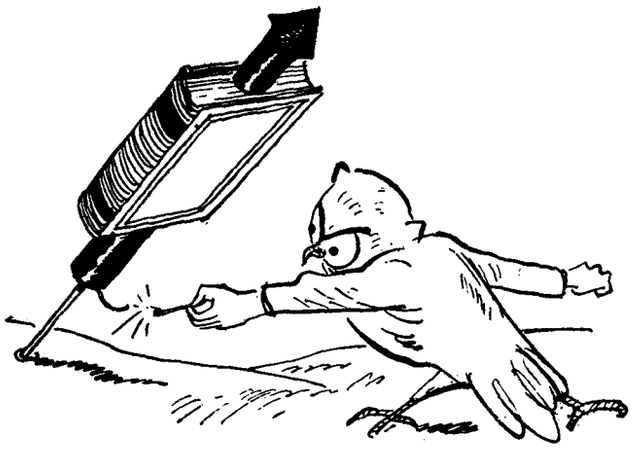

Sparks for sale

If you can stand watching sparks fly in summer time, we have a recommendation. Anyway, the sparks we're talking about come from a cold, quick heat. You can't watch them passively, like pin-wheels or roman candles. And the only flares and explosions and showers of stars they produce are ones that go off in individual minds. We sell the fireworks; you apply the match. You may arrive at the same conclusion one man did who wrote us saying: "I never before realized what nice sparks come off in the course of the philosopher's movement through the thick into the thin." And the stimulation of two different philosophers' approach to life and love can make a number of nice fat sparks.

Professor Paul Weiss, of Yale, has said, "A recourse to God in philosophy is usually a way of multiplying embarrassments in the vain attempt to escape a self-created difficulty." Father Martin D'Arcy, of Oxford, remarks (in a philosophical study), "When God revealed himself as love, the last fear was removed from man's heart." We've recently published a book by each man and we've found them, singly and together, remarkable whetstones for the mind.

THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE is Father D'Arcy's own brilliant and exciting and thorough examination of love, human and divine. Because he is a great Christian philosopher and theologian, his thesis stems from the advent of Christianity, when a new conclusion was added to the experiences of love recorded by the great Pagans. His book is an argument for the happy co-existence of the physical and spiritual, Eros and Agape, the Lion and the Unicorn of the Psalms. It is one thoughtful man's answer to "what is this thing called love?"

Professor Weiss is not concerned with proving things about love, he is not a theologian, but since he is dealing with the same creature—man—it is extremely interesting to compare notes on the product of this original American philosopher and our equally original British theologian. Weiss' book is essentially a philosophic study of nature and man, fresh, provocative, and persuasive. As a statement of ethical theory it comes up with revolutionary conclusions; radically revises a number of basic concepts concerning freedom, life, man, and altogether causes a number of resounding intellectual explosions. In the course of his metaphysical examinations from the thick into the thin, he comes up with a great many remarks which have the quality of those "nice sparks" we mentioned. "Philosophy is insistent, creative, systematic thought," says Professor Weiss, "probing to the roots of things. Successful, it exposes, in sophisticated prose, truths open only to innocence."

It seems to us that Father D'Arcy would go along with this, possibly turning off in another direction, for he is concerned with the experience of love which results in life "In true loving," says Father D'Arcy, "we receive and give, and in the relation of the self with God we receive life"

Says Professor Weiss, "The peace that passes understanding requires that the understanding remain intact."

Says Father D'Arcy, "The libido has to be directed to one of the ends of the spirit."

Says Professor Weiss, "The sympathy of an animal is without reason, the reason of an intellectual is without sympathy, but a full man sympathizes through reason."

Neither Father D'Arcy nor Paul Weiss has written an easy book of casual ideas strung together for sleepy summer reading. Each is the mature work of a man who sympathizes through reason That their reason, and consequently their sympathies, lie in different directions puts an edge on what each has to say D'Arcy's ideas in THE MIND AND HEART OF LOVE are like those big rockets whose descending spirals are a brilliant series of rich colors, ending in a shower of white, the big rockets kept to top off a celebration—in this case, the celebration of Christian love. Weiss' ideas in NATURE AND MAN are a whole string of fire crackers popping off with nearly equal intensity, but resulting in the impression of a loud and lasting bang in the mind.

When the joy of air-conditioning wears off, you may enjoy the display of these cold fires of the intellect.

Nature and Man

By PAUL WEISS, $3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

The Mind and Heart of Love

By M. C. D'ARCY, $3.50

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Meeting of East and West: Act I

ELMER DAVIS

THE story of Alexander has everything. Purely as an adventure story it is the best in the world; but it also offers some peculiarly interesting problems in historical perspective—in the growth of greatness, and of the legend of greatness. Beyond that it is the first, and to date the most successful, experiment in the meeting of East and West —accomplished without benefit of explanatory illustration by the paintings of Georgia O'Keeffe, on which Professor Northrop lately leaned so heavily. And beyond even that is the question which has exercised some men in ancient and in modern times: Was Alexander merely a specimen, however outstanding, of Homo Sapiens? Or was he (or did he think he was) a member of a different species—what writers of today would call a superman, and those of his day called a god?

Last year Harold Lamb told the story admirably; in his early chapters he was frankly a historical novelist, using such legends as he found convenient and filling in the chinks with invention; but as he went on his historian's conscience got the better of him, and he ended with a serious and on the whole a convincing study. Now Professor Robinson of Brown University, a specialist in the sources of the history of Alexander, uses a summary narrative* as a peg for discussion of some of the underlying questions. As becomes a *Quellenforscher*, he is rather drily deflationary; he spoils some good stories; but you can have confidence in what is left.

Or in most of it. Robinson has no use for popular writers who prefer Plutarch's version of certain episodes to the less picturesque account in Arrian because "Plutarch was a student of human nature" while Arrian merely followed the most trustworthy sources. Yet the student of human nature has his uses. Robinson does not believe (nor does Lamb) that Alexander was habitually a heavy drinker, because the Court Journal says he wasn't; and "back of the 'official' truth we cannot go." But the Court Journal was kept by Eumenes of Cardia, who was not only notably loyal to his boss, but about the smartest man in the organization except Alexander himself. Is it likely that he would have embellished the record with such entries as "The King was drunk again last night"? The Macedonian nobles drank like fish; and Philip at least, if none of his predecessors, had established the principle that in this respect too the King must be *primus inter pares*. Alexander was drunk the night he killed Cleitus, almost his best friend; he was drunk the night before he caught the fever that finished him. Grant that wounds and overwork had lowered his resistance, a man with a hangover was perhaps not in the best shape to meet malaria. Legend has him drunk on other famous, and sometimes calamitous, occasions; Robinson punctures some of these stories (including the one Dryden told so brilliantly); but as he says himself, the legends at least show what people thought about Alexander. If the record is not that of a habitual hard drinker, it is certainly that of a man who got conspicuously drunk

*ALEXANDER THE GREAT: The Meeting of East and West in World Government and Brotherhood. By Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 240 pp. $3.75.

THE AUTHOR: Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr., calls himself simply an historian. But to some 400 Brown University students who study Greek and Latin classics with him, the big, tweedy professor is a human telescope to antiquity. His own predilection for Periclean culture was sparked by William Kelly Prentice of Princeton, after graduation from Phillips Andover Academy. Pocketing a Prix de Rome in 1923, he spent two years probing the past at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and another at the American Academy at Rome. He joined the Rockefeller-endowed Commission for the Excavation of Athenian Agora in 1935, while visiting professor at the Athens school, and has troweled in archeological diggings at Nemea, Phlius, Proszymna, and Corinth. He is a committeeman for the projected Agora Museum, councilman of the Archeological Institute of America, a fellow of the American Numismatic Society, and colleague on numerous historical, philological, and classical committees and associations here and abroad, to whose literary journals he has contributed more than 100 articles. Summers he retires to an Adirondacks gas-lit cabin of sufficient primitivity to discourage guests, and writes. "Alexander the Great" was revised three times. Preceding it were "The Ephemerides of Alexander's Expedition" and "Hellenic History" (revision of the history by G. W. Botsford), contributions to "Corinth, Vol. I," "Classical Studies Presented to Edward Capps," "The Greek Political Experience," and "Dictionary of American Biography." In 1943, he wrote "A Report on Greece" for the War Department. He was born in Princeton, N. J., March 30, 1900, is married to Celia Sachs of Cambridge, Mass. They have three sons. Next January he will sail for Athens to repeat his call as visiting professor. His only neurosis is an aversion for the sunny side of any street.

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so often that that was the obvious explanation, when anything went wrong. It may be more than coincidence that Alexander himself attributed his later misfortunes to Dionysus—even if as a native of Thebes and not as the god of wine.

Which has a bearing on a more important point. Justice Holmes once observed that some men want to feel like gods, and get drunk if they can't attain that objective any other way. Whether or not Alexander thought he was a god, he wanted the Greeks to treat him as one. And one reason why some people have wondered if Alexander was unhuman (and if you grant that much, he was superhuman) is that his only real pleasures, the only activities that could take him out of an all-embracing reality which apparently he did not much admire, were drinking and fighting—personal fighting, swinging his sword at the head of the assaulting column. For the commander of an army which was taking such chances as no army had ever taken before, that simply did not make sense. Hannibal, who knew how his army needed him, took no risks; nor did Caesar unless he had to. But Alexander was usually right in there himself, even when he was attacking only the citadel of some unknown little tribe stumbled over on the way. Apparently only fighting and drinking gave him absolute satisfaction.

Women notoriously did not; both his marriages seem to have been political, and only one mistress is recorded for a man who could have had all he wanted. In his day there could have been an obvious explanation; but there seems no good evidence that his affection for Hephaestion was actively homosexual. He once said he didn't like to make love to a woman because it made him feel human—a remark which, in its simplest implication, seems to contradict the suspicion of homosexuality as well; and could be presumptive evidence that he had come to believe he was more than human. Add his insistence on deification by the Greeks, and his alleged recognition by the oracle of Ammon as the son of Zeus, and you have the picture of a man who, if he were not a being of a different species, at least thought he was.

But Robinson deflates all that. The cornerstone of the structure, raised to lofty heights by later romancers, is what Alexander heard at the oracle of Ammon; and nobody knows what he heard, except that it pleased him. That is all Arrian tells us and Arrian followed Ptolemy—usually the best source, and above all here. For—says Robinson—if Ptolemy, writing after he had made himself King of Egypt, had thought the oracle had called Alexander the son of Zeus-Ammon, he would certainly have said so; it would have been invaluable propaganda to fortify his own position as Alexander's successor. This seems to me conclusive; and there is certainly plausibility in Robinson's conjecture that Alexander—the first great practitioner of geopolitics—went to the oracle in the sands partly to find out if the Libyan desert made an easily defensible frontier.

As for his demand that the Greeks pay him divine honors, they had done that to mortals before—even to so disagreeable a mortal as Lysander; and it might regularize Alexander's somewhat unsteady overlordship of the Greek states better than his theoretically elective post as commander-in-chief. It could not have occurred to him that he was injecting into history a new political idea—the king, either himself divine or ruling by the grace of God—that would make trouble for two thousand years.

Robinson tells some of the legends bearing on Alexander's divinity, but only as the sort of Washington's-cherry-tree stories that show what the Greeks later thought of him; and often they are easy to rationalize. Olympias, Alexander's mother, was a devotee of spectacular religious cults in connection with which she seems to have kept some tame snakes. Now a snake, to the Greek mind, might be the body chosen by some visiting god. Olympias used to take a snake to bed with her; it is not necessary to suppose that her husband thought the snake was a god to explain his preferring to sleep somewhere else. For that matter Olympias was a very difficult woman; a man who had got to know her might have been happier away from her, snakes or no snakes.

There is ample evidence that in his early years Alexander did not think he was a god; but Robinson and Lamb both note a growing megalomania toward the end. The habit of executing people seemed to grow on him—perhaps naturally; like David, just for the sake of argument he'd show them who was King. But he certainly behaved as if he expected to live forever. Ruling the greatest and most heterogeneous empire known till then, ruling it on a principle highly unpalatable to many of the men on whom he had to depend, he took no care of himself or of the succession. Fighting hard, drinking hard, he died at thirty-three and left his realm to disintegrate in the dog fight of Diadochoi and Epigonoi, which lasted with rare interludes till the Romans swallowed them all. Such irresponsibility seems unhuman; but precisely what was going on in his mind only Alexander knew, and he seldom chose to tell.

* * *

IT WAS at any rate a mind unlike any other of his time, in quality as well as in scope; and it grew fast. The battle of the Granicus made no sense, from any point of view; but luckily the Persians made more mistakes than the Macedonians, and Alexander never made a military mistake again. He had the best army in the world but he used it better than anybody else ever used it; and he neutralized the Persian naval superiority by capturing their naval bases twenty-three centuries before Haushofer explained how a land power could get the better of a sea power. He had an instinct for the great propaganda gesture; the visit to Troy at the beginning of his expedition was natural, for a man who believed he was a descendant of Achilles; but it made an enormous impression on the Greeks, and later he showed that he knew how to impress Asiatics as well. And, after Issus, he knew that there was no room for two kings in Asia. In retrospect that decision may be obvious on both strategic and political grounds; but for a man of his day it was a leap into a new dimension of thought.

That he went on to carry out that decision, even though it meant pursuing Darius and then Bessus into central Asia, may also seem obvious; but even after they were both finished off he kept on going. The Greeks had little geographical curiosity (the Romans still less); if, as I believe scholars now hold, Pytheas traveled primarily in the interest of the merchants of Marseille, Alexander is about the only man in classical history who kept on going, to see what

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was on the other side of the hill. He thought he could get to the end of the world, and he meant to do just that. There turned out to be a good deal more of it than he suspected—more even than he suspected when his army finally stopped him, in India, by a sit-down strike. If they hadn't stopped him he would probably have been lost to history, eventually, in the jungles of Burma or Siam; but the kind of man he was would have kept on going. (For the fact that he got as far as he did, give some credit to old Antipater, the regent left back home; who somehow kept replacements flowing in regularly, even when Alexander was at the back of beyond.)

Returning to the center of his empire, he put into execution certain ideas that had been long on his mind—ideas highly distasteful to most of the Macedonian army; which, like some later armies, became more isolationist the farther it got away from home, and had little use for the assorted wogs it met on its travels—except, of course, that it appreciated the local fräuleins. Alexander made use of this latter taste in putting over his supreme accomplishment. He lived only long enough to see it started; but as W. W. Tarn (quoted by both Robinson and Lamb) has observed, "He lifted the civilized world out of one groove and set it in another"; after that, nothing could ever be the same again. Greeks and Orientals had despised and hated each other but Alexander deliberately set out to intermingle them and in some degree to fuse them—all brothers living together under the fatherhood of God (and the temporal overlordship of Alexander). And since he came nearer doing it than anybody else has ever done, it is worth while to see how he went about it.

* * *

PROFESSOR NORTHROP of Yale has told us, in a work of impressive erudition, that if we want world peace we must start from the bottom. There can be no political and economic cooperation without ideological understanding, and this can spring only from a correct ontology and epistemology. Which he proceeds to give us. Reality includes both a postulated theoretic component, emphasized in the West, and an immediately apprehended esthetic component, dominant in the East; and these are linked by epistemic correlations so that Reality is in fact One. Thus, with the help of a couple of diagrams and the abstract paintings of George O'Keeffe, you have the answer; and we can all be friends and

(*Continued on page* 30)

Birdman Unmasked

FOOTNOTES ON NATURE. By John Kieran. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 268 pp. + Appendix. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IT MIGHT be supposed that John Kieran needs no introduction at the hands of a book reviewer. Everyone knows him in his public character as a sports writer and radio personality on "Information Please." Everyone knows, as well, that among the more eccentric products of his famous memory is a ready stock of information about birds. This reviewer, having fully considered how serious it is to tamper with any man's

John Kieran has "a compound of modesty, humor, good-humor, literary cultivation and genuine poetic feeling."

established reputation, has nevertheless come to the conclusion that Mr. Kieran does need, if not an introduction, a reintroduction or unmasking.

On the face of it, Mr. Kieran's "Footnotes on Nature" is an incidental display of talent by a public performer already known for his variety of talents. It does not present itself to the reader as "a work," but simply as "a book about a few men and many walks in the woods and fields of New York and New England . . . to a large extent, an account of the birds, trees, flowers, and other forms of life that we encountered outdoors in that territory." One certainly does not expect much from the talented journalist, recalling for the occasion Dr. Johnson's remark about the dog that walked on his hind legs: what is extraordinary is not that he does it well but that he does it at all. This, at least, was the attitude with which the ignorant first reader (who should presumably have read "John Kieran's Nature Notes" in 1941) approached the book.

What the ignorant reader noticed first was the quality of grace that went into the writing. He had expected the profusion of apt quotations from the poets that he found, but his second positive impression was that this was not the work of a mnemonic prodigy but of a deeply cultivated man (and the reader had just left Emerson). His third and, somehow, most surprising impression was that Mr. Kieran knew what he was writing about—knew it, that is, as a sensitive and accurate observer through his own eyes and ears, not at all as a mere student with a flair for erudition. This was not journalistic market-shooting or even journalism in the best sense. It was, rather, something very much like literature in the best sense. The final conclusion was that, while John Kieran was not one of our more pretentious nature writers, he was about as fine as any of his contemporaries who came to mind, perhaps excepting Alexander Skutch (a professional naturalist whose work will surely be better known than it now is). Kieran, in sum, must be considered an appreciable figure in our contemporary writing, albeit operating in a literary tradition, perhaps our greatest and soundest, that thrives without excessive encouragement from either the public or intelligentsia.

That quality of grace by which the reader was first impressed appears to be a compound of modesty, humor, good-humor, literary cultivation, and genuine poetic feeling. The modesty, of course, is essential to anyone who deals successfully with nature, since the ego must be capable of awe. The humor is a prophylactic for pompousness and false feeling. The good-humor insures an appropriate degree of balance and detachment, and the literary cultivation is the discipline that controls the expression of feeling and gives scope to all the other qualities.

Something should be said of the specific material, although this is not what counts most in matters of this sort. In common with New York bird connoisseurs for a generation past, Mr. Kieran has used his free time, the four seasons around, to tramp through the woods and swamps of Van Cortland Park, along the palisaded banks of the Hudson and the sea-beaches of Long Island, and about the lakes of Westchester County. This territory is probably more familiar to more bird students than any other area in the country—or, for that matter, in the hemisphere. It has eagles, rails, ducks, and bitterns, as well as sparrows. It has hills and cliffs, big trees and little trees, field flowers and woodland flowers, skunks and foxes, turtles and deer, and thus it broadly represents

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a large part of our terrestrial globe. In addition, Mr. Kieran has visited the Berkshires on odd but frequent occasions, so that he is acquainted with the song of the hermit thrush and the flight of the big pileated woodpecker.

His principal companions on these excursions are the Dramatic Critic, the Artist, the Astronomer, the Medical Student, the Poet, and Herman the Magician. Some readers will enjoy the guessing-game of identifying them more closely, but for Mr. Kieran's purpose they are sufficiently identified by their respective peculiarities as field naturalists. The Artist, for example, has an eye for needles in haystacks, while Herman the Magician is an owl man and scorns the smaller fauna. All have a common contempt for the weather, as befits field naturalists.

That is about all there is to it. The reader coasts through the pages with a pleasant sense of enjoying the outdoors, its rigors and rewards, in good company. Occasionally, however, he finds himself becoming inwardly incandescent with the author's controlled emotion at some remembered scene or incident, and this is one very good test of high quality in literature.

What fooled this reviewer was the lack of a beard.

Helion from Jutland

MY DANISH FATHER. By Karl Eskelund. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 255 pp. $2.50.

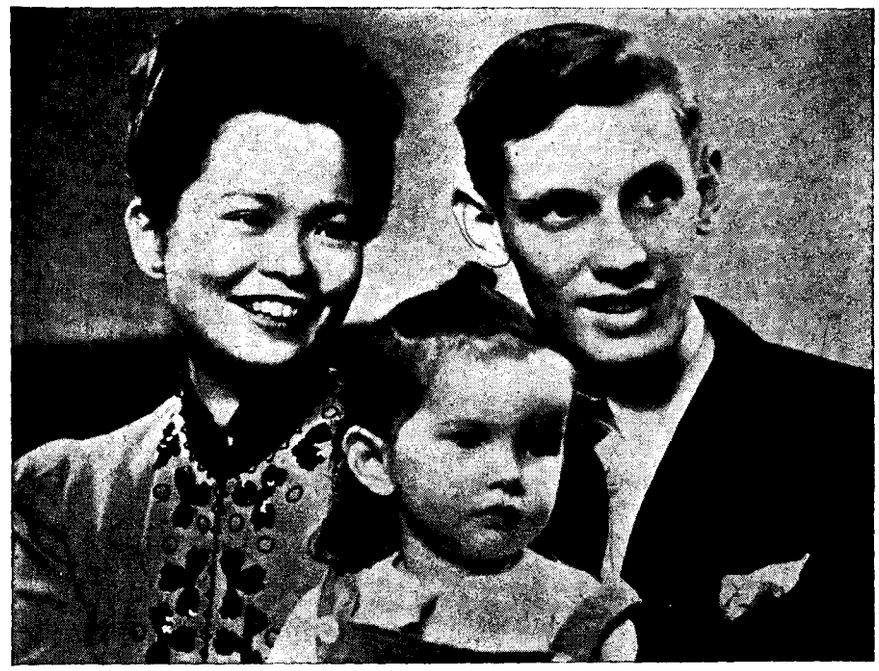
Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

KARL ESKELUND, the young war correspondent who a few years ago wrote a book about his Chinese wife, now turns to the story of his Danish father. Father's career, both amatory and professional, was a spectacular one. He was born in Jutland, the son of a pastor in the Danish State Church, but from this upright soil there sprang a wild shoot indeed. Father was a wayward youth, and he continued to be wayward, from Copenhagen to Bangkok to Shanghai and points east and west.

Father's student days in Copenhagen where he went to study medicine were chiefly distinguished by extra-curricular activities, including gambling, girls, liquor, morphine, and a fling at opium smoking. After some time at this curriculum he decided to give up the medical studies and go to Argentina as a surveyor, but just before he embarked he met Sophia, wife number one, and changed his mind. He went back to medical school, took his degree as doctor of dentistry, and in a few years had built up a prosperous practice. But the quiet life in Copenhagen didn't appeal to Father and he suddenly sold his practice, left his wife and two children, and shipped out for Siam. Arriving in Bangkok with one case of instruments, a dentist's chair and no contacts whatever he established himself in an elegant office in the leading hotel, on credit, got himself a charming Russian mistress who doubled as receptionist, and in no time at all found himself dentist to the king. This king, elevated to the throne on the death of the old monarch Rama, was Prajadipok, one of the grandsons of Anna's King of Siam. Father was dentist not only to the king but to Siam's numerous royalty, including some thousands of ladies in the Forbidden City. This phenomenal practice and the fascination of Siam kept Father contented for a while, but he became involved with the daughter of a Norwegian friend who had married a Siamese woman. This unfortunate girl took Father's infatuation so seriously that she made things too painful for him in Bangkok, and he fled back home to Copenhagen for a brief visit. Sophia had divorced him, and while he was in Copenhagen he met and married wife number two, as a sort of defense against Oolong, the little half-caste Siamese girl. He and Guni decided to go to Shanghai, and here Father got off to a bad start through the mistaken efforts of a luridly inclined publicity agent. But after a few lean years Father was again pulling teeth by the thousands and living high. Guni died suddenly and tragically, and Father was living with Galina, an exotic Russian, when young Karl turned up in Shanghai, having run away from home. It was then that father and son discovered that they wanted to be friends, and it was Father who understood and furthered Karl's romance and marriage with the lovely Chinese girl who became Karl's Chinese wife.

Then came the war, and while Karl went to the front as correspondent, Chi-Yun stayed with Father. When she joined Karl in Free China, Father remained in Shanghai under Japanese occupation. Being a neutral, he was more or less unmolested, and the Japanese allowed him to treat the American and British internees. In Shanghai during this catastrophic time Father's unconquerable romanticism came to the fore again and he married a third time—Yvette, a Russian refugee who turned out to be a dope fiend.

After the war, Father came to America where he and the junior Eskelunds were reunited. Karl had always wanted to write the story of Father's life, and they decided to go to Guatemala and write the book. There, while Father reclined in a hammock and grew mellow and talkative under the spell of a local drink called *olla* (nicknamed "the liquor with the kick of seven mules") Karl took down the story. It is a colorful and entertaining narrative, even though some of Father's escapades seem to verge more on the sordid than the glamorous.



"It was Father who understood and furthered Karl Eskelund's romance and marriage with the lovely Chinese girl who became Karl's Chinese wife."

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Fifteenth-Century Conspiracy

THE MONEYMAN. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 434 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

FROM a faster start than most beginners achieve, Thomas Costain has progressed through three historical romances to the first rank in his fourth, "The Moneyman." Its plot, a minor conspiracy against King Charles of France, deprives it of the breadth and the epic sweep of the few modern costume novels that can compare with "Gone with the Wind" or Feuchtwanger's "Power," but it nevertheless has all the elements that make it as exciting and as worth while of any of its kind written today. In these four long books Mr. Costain has gone ahead step by step, walking faster and faster over taboos and formulae that not so long ago made these prodigious best sellers stale and even grotesque, or at least they seem so to the eyes of today's readers. It is a long step from Sabatini's "Scaramouche" to Costain's "The Moneyman," a literary revolution, in fact, which began, with the exception of a few writers possessed of enough courage and common sense to defy tradition, with Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse," fourteen years ago. It was an advance that called for the gifts of the novelist, rather than the antiquarian or the uninventive craftsman. The difference is, of course, profound, and since it is difficult to become both novelist and historian, it explains why so few historical novels today are satisfactory to intelligent readers.

The most necessary talent for the novelist is the ability to create characters who behave in given situations in a manner which seems reasonable to the reader. The avid consumers of two of the most popular forms of genre fiction, the crime story and the costume novel, apparently did not care a rap for realism. They accepted blood-and-thunder heroes who turned to milk-and-water at a glance from a maiden's eyes; they accepted as heroines, stuffed dolls, half virgin, half coquette, who were forced to seduce the heroes into an embrace when the time had come to end the book. Puritanism, in short, began to leak out of fictional crime and history some time after it had been removed from the ordinary novel. When it was proved that the hero of an historical novel could be an ordinary human sinner and yet command a large audience of book buyers, artistry entered through the back door.

If the earlier books of Mr. Costain suffered from these traditions—and it is not necessary now to recollect the scenes in which his characters did not behave like human beings—there is hardly a breath of shyness left in his new book. The period he has chosen for what another writer might have made into a typical cloak-and-sword melodrama will be new to the reader. Joan of Arc had died at the stake a few years before; the English were still ravishing Normandy and large sections of the realm of France. King Charles, who had permitted the Maid who had set him on his throne to die, was timidly ruling, with Agnes Sorel as his mistress, what was left of France. He was balanced precariously between rival parties, one of which wanted to make war on England and drive out the invaders. His Master of the Mint, his Money Man, was a remarkable figure, the wealthiest man of his day, Jacques Coeur. The king had ennobled him and taken him into his council after he had covered France with his factories and shops, and had established trade between France and the Orient; he was the actual leader of the war party. When a young nobleman found the bastard daughter of a ruined but noble family wandering alone through the byways and hedges, he conceived a plot to substitute her for Agnes Sorel who had not long to live and whom she resembled: he could thus continue his hold on Charles via the royal bed. The plot backfired through his own unwillingness to plunge the beautiful and naïve Valerie into the perils of royal concubinage. The king who had taken his money to win the war against the English used the romantic conspiracy to disgrace Coeur and strip him of his wealth. Valerie was accused, with him, of poisoning Agnes Sorel and narrowly escaped torture and the stake, to finally marry Coeur's young friend who had rescued her from the luxurious little house conveniently accessible to a king who liked to have his nights of pleasure remain as secret as possible.

Thomas Costain's "research is historically impeccable, though he has invented Valerie, and a seductive invention she is."

If the plot is good enough for one of the lesser romances of Dumas, the period and the setting offered Mr. Costain a perfect background of which he has taken full advantage. He shows the ruined farms and burned villages of Normandy, the "Free Companies" of murdering Britishers whom Conan Doyle whitewashed in his "White Company," the luxurious palaces of royalty and the great houses of the wealthy nobles, the costumes, colors, and scents of medieval France. As far as the reader, with the aid of an encyclopedia, can judge, his research is historically impeccable, though he has invented Valerie, and a seductive invention she is. Jacques Coeur and his conspiracy, if it is a conspiracy to find a new and beautiful mistress for a long-nosed king, are authentic, and so is the battle outside of Rouen, where armed British knighthood and the bowmen who had destroyed the gentlemen of France at Cressy and Agincourt, were in turn defeated by the first cannon to be used in Europe. It was gunpowder and the rapier that brought about the end of chivalry.

It can be assumed that Mr. Costain's devotion to the minor details of French life in the early fifteenth century is as scholarly as possible without incurring the danger of obliterating his story. The nearly fatal conspiracy and love affair seem often of less importance than the colors of the tapestry he is weaving. Valerie is at times strangely acquiescent to the danger of having to lie with the king instead of a husband she might love, while de Busey takes a long time to rid himself of his love affair with his brother's wife after he has fallen in love with Valerie. Perhaps it is because of these human qualities of indecision and weakness that Mr. Costain's characters have more reality than if they were always dashing feverishly toward their destined fates.

There are historical and social overtones in the novel which give it weight beyond its interest as a solidly constructed romance. It not only records the death of chivalry but the rise of the financier as the money lender to kings and the actual power behind dramatic chapters of history. Nobility was being sheared of its power though the day of the common man had not yet arrived. It is a turning point in history that Mr. Costain's novel dramatizes and embroiders.

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The Unmaking of a Southerner

THE OTHER ROOM. By Worth Tuttle Hedden. New York: Crown Publishers. 1947. 274 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

WHEN Nina Latham, for the first time in her sheltered Southern life, began to think of Negroes as human beings and individuals, she had the feeling of having entered the Other Room, "a room in a house in which I had always lived but which I would have been forbidden to enter had I ever wanted to. In this Other Room, life went on as it did in the rest of the house, but the people there had no curiosity about that room, took no notice of it unless one of the roomers stepped over the threshhold to be laughed at or punished and sent back. . . ."

Mrs. Hedden, herself a Southerner, has written a moving and impassioned novel on the subject of racial discrimination, and she has pulled no punches in coming directly to the extreme issues involved. "It is as much an insult for one group of citizens in this 'free' country to tell another that it can marry only within certain limits as to tell it where it can sit on a train, where it can learn the three R's, where it can rent a house." So speaks Leon Warwick, Negro professor at Willard College in New Orleans, where Nina comes to teach. Mrs. Hedden's story of the love of a white girl for a man of colored blood is to be praised for its humanity and purpose; for the courageous stand it takes against the theory of White Supremacy and Negro Inferiority as a race, an ideology as baseless and as corrupt as Hitler's theory of the *Herrenvolk*. Its weaknesses are weaknesses of plot and characterization. Nina's right-about-face from all the inherited prejudices of her FFV background is, I feel, a bit too hastily brought about; the author has also idealized her principal Negro characters to the extent of making them unconvincing and artificial. The handsome, cultured and intellectual Leon Warwick with whom Nina falls in love is a paragon of all graces. And he could have passed for a white man.

It would have been a stronger point, I believe, if Mrs. Hedden had given him a few of what we consider the physical characteristic of his race. She is careful to point out that the type of Negro which we commonly think of as "pure African" inhabits only a part of that continent; that good bone articulation, clear brown skin, and so-called classic features are as typical of Africa as the blue-black, flat-nosed Negro from the coastal belt. And Leon was part white. But to make him physically indistinguishable from any handsome white man whom Nina might have met is an evasion of an obvious consideration. And Miss Clinton, the beautiful mulatto art teacher, whose education and background were not only superior to any white girl's Nina had known, was also infinitely more talented and charming. She was

> a smooth, rich blend of the best. She had been cured in two centuries of miscegenation, and the ultimate mixture was a skin lovelier than any white skin I ever saw, a mouth that's both full and strong, delicate nostrils, perfect ears, eyes that if she were plain you'd look at those eyes again and again. . . .

It is no service to the text Mrs. Hedden is preaching to stack the cards, and in making the contrast so marked between the whites Nina has grown up among and the Negroes whom she meets on the staff of Willard College as well as the members of the Creole aristocracy in New Orleans, Mrs. Hedden weakens her case rather than strengthens it.

Nina Latham had come to New Orleans to be a teacher at Willard, but she didn't know until she got there that it was a Negro school. The New York agency to which, on graduating from Columbia, Nina had applied, didn't mention it; neither did the white principal of Willard College with whom Nina talked before she accepted the position. Anti-discrimination laws were not passed in New York until the early 1940's, and it seems rather far-fetched that no indication was given Nina, in 1920, of the fact that Willard was a Negro school. When Nina discovered, to her Southern outrage and horror, what kind of school she had signed up for, she at first planned to leave immediately. But rather than admit defeat, since only by great persuasion had she been able to reconcile her family to the fact that she wanted to make her own living, she decided to stick it out, but keep it a secret from the folks at home. That she was able to keep it a secret as long as she did is another debatable point — small Southern towns are not usually so incurious about the activities of first family daughters, and it is odd that none of Nina's friends visited New Orleans and looked her up. Be that as it may, for the first time in her life Nina found herself in the position of being needed, and one of a group of persons who talked about ideals and ideas instead of inanities and social chitchat. In the brief space of one term she found her whole concept of human relationships changed, and herself in conflict with everything she had known and believed before. But it was when she realized that she had fallen deeply and passionately in love with Leon Warwick, and wanted to marry him, that her problem assumed proportions of tragedy. That Mrs. Hedden has chosen to conclude her book with the renunciation, on Leon's part, of their love seems a denial of the point toward which she has been aiming.

The best and most convincing parts of Mrs. Hedden's novel are when she is not concerned with her principal characters or with Leon's pedantic dissertations, but with the daily life of the college and its various activities. And particularly with flashbacks in Nina's memory to the way in which she has seen Negroes treated at home in Jamestown. Not so much the great injustices and crimes against human dignity, about which Nina seldom had thought, but the petty humiliations, the complacency with which the barriers were drawn, the ridicule as well as the condemnation of any Negro who "didn't know his place," the teasing intonations Southerners reserve for good Negroes and good dogs. "What did they teach you at that school, Joe? Did you have a curriculum in the gymnasium?" (and aside) "Joe went off to one of those so-called colleges after he got out of the Army and since he's been back he hasn't been worth a cent. . . ." In a devastating reproduction of white Southern dialect at its worst:

> That's exactly the way they all are. We had us the bes' little ole girl helpin' out at our house in summah, mo' fun to fool aroun' with. Then las' wintuh she took it intuh her head to go to that normal school in Danvul or Lynchburg or somewhere an' las' week when she came back, I declare I'm tellin' you the honest truth, she wasn't worth a cent. Gave the house a lick and a promise an' then took a book out on the back steps an' sat there the whole aftuhnoon pretendin' she was readin'. Honestly, that's what she did.

"The Other Room" will probably offend a great many people. That they can be offended by the truth is to their discredit, not to that of Mrs. Hedden's honest and courageous book.

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Closed Shop for Big Business

THE ALUMINUM CARTEL. By Dr. Louis Marlio. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 1947. 128 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by
SENATOR JOSEPH O'MAHONEY

WHEN a successful and efficient manager of an international cartel writes a book on this modern instrument of international trade, ending with the conclusion that there should be legislation by every government for the regulation of cartels, that is news. Such a book is "The Aluminum Cartel" by Dr. Louis Marlio, one-time private secretary to Premier Millerand of France, before World War I a member of the French Council of State, and for thirteen years (1926 to 1939) Chairman of the International Aluminum Cartel. He is thus qualified to write authoritatively on this all-important subject.

The small volume is easy and worth while reading, describing as it does the development of this international aluminum organization in its various phases from the formation of the Aluminum Association in 1901 until the outbreak of World War II. The author undertakes to demonstrate that international trade in aluminum was stabilized in the interests of both producers and consumers as a result of the policies invoked by the cartel. It prevented, he is convinced, the peaks and valleys of prices which mark unregulated competition as well as the harmful effects of over-production. In emphasizing the business benefits which he contends follow the reduction of the normal fluctuations of the business cycle, the author tends to overlook, though he does not conceal, the restrictive effects of cartel organization. For example, no one, it seems to me, can read Chapter 6 of Doctor Marlio's book on "Benefits to Cooperating Companies" without realizing that the Aluminum Alliance was organized primarily for the benefit of its members and was in fact a Big Business closed shop. It was designed to serve three primary purposes, he tells us: (1) To minimize the business risks involved; (2) to promote efficiency in operation; (3) to extend the markets for aluminum products. To this end stocks were controlled, prices were controlled, and a rein was kept upon the distribution of the product and upon the construction of unwanted plants by "non-cooperating producers."

> The prices at which aluminum was sold in the Japanese market [Dr. Marko writes] were somewhat below the prices in London and Paris in order *to discourage the creation of plants in Japan.* This did not mean that under the cartel system prices in Japan were lower than they would have been under international competition. It must be remembered that a primary purpose of the cartel was to prevent serious undercutting in world markets. The result was doubtless a level of prices in Japan somewhat above that which would have prevailed under a system of wholesale dumping by non-cooperating producers.

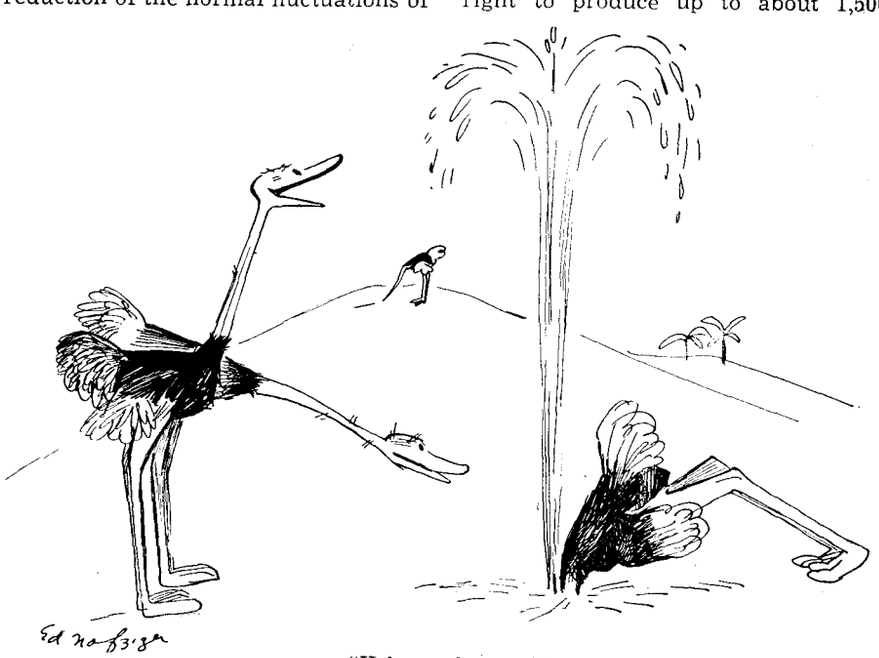
What was done in Japan was but little different from that which was done wherever the cartel was strong enough to enforce its program. Giulini, we are informed, "was given the right to produce up to about 1,500 tons" and "in return for this, Giulini undertook to follow the rules of the company." Thus frankly the author describes a system of private regimentation of industry, all of which is justified upon the theory that it was "simply a method by which [the cartel] could intervene in order to reestablish healthy market conditions during periods of crisis and when other more effective means were lacking."

What is described to us is the smooth operation of industrial collectivism based upon the European point of view—to use Doctor Marlio's words, "that under present circumstances unlimited competition may be even more harmful than collective agreements, and that it is better to erect safeguards against the dangers of cartels, both national and international, than to prohibit them altogether." There seems to be no doubt in the author's mind that cartelization tends to develop dictatorial procedure. He recognizes that the concentrated economic power which resides in such an organization is capable of abuse, a point of view which must be pleasing to all who are willing to concede that modern industrial organization has its good as well as its harmful aspects. When the experienced executive manager of such an organization abandons the accustomed attitude of such managers, who will admit no possibility of error, one may believe that the path to progress may be opening. This is the basis upon which the responsibility of modern industrial organization to society may be developed. There is much more chance of progress when it is understood public interest comes first.

This seems to be the doctrine of Dr. Marlio, for he concludes his recommendations with the expression of his opinion that an important task of public international organization "will be to prepare a model set of rules capable of being adopted by all governments as the basis of their domestic legislation for cartels." The prejudice against cartels as "secret organizations" and "conspiracies against the public" will tend to disappear, he believes, if all cartels are required to be registered "with the international organization and with each government."

One cannot escape the conclusion that Dr. Marlio has made a sincere effort to appraise the benefits of international business organization, but has not closed his eyes to the necessity for establishing a definite formula of public responsibility.

Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, former TNEC chairman, has been active in anti-trust proceedings.



"He's struck water!"

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Crusader for Human Justice

FOR THE DEFENSE. By Lloyd Paul Stryker. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 624 pp. $5.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

THIS massive but by no means ponderous volume has a dual aspect. It is both a biography and a history. On either count, thanks to the enthusiasm and scholarship of its author and his kinship with the personality of his subject, it is a dramatic, rewarding performance.

"For the Defense" is described as "a life of Thomas Erskine, the celebrated advocate and the most enlightened liberal of his times." The definition is accurate and sound. No English lawyer, contemporaneous with Erskine (1750 to 1823) or since, can successfully challenge this claim.

Both by temperament and by professional and literary experience Mr. Lloyd Paul Stryker, a distinguished trial lawyer in his own right, is eminently fitted to write the life of Erskine. Heretofore he has published two important books, "Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage" and "Courts and Doctors." Courage, too, was one of Erskine's great virtues. "Courts and Doctors" deals with medical jurisprudence, a field of law to which Mr. Stryker has devoted himself in practice as a specialist.

Erskine came from a cultivated Scotch ancestry; his father was the tenth Earl of Buchan. When only thirteen years old, he joined the Royal Navy, serving without enthusiasm for four years in the West Indies. He entered the army at eighteen, married at twenty, matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, at twenty-five, and thereafter began his career as a barrister, first under the inspiration of Lord Mansfield.

From the outset his professional life centered on issues of crucial national moment, and consistently on the side of justice to the oppressed. Practically no cause célèbre of the era failed to enlist his brilliant, fervent advocacy. Among his many constructive achievements was his victory in enlarging the province of the jury in libel cases. Heretofore the judge alone could decide whether an article was libelous; the jury's sterile function was to determine the mere fact of publication.

The list of the mighty causes which Erskine espoused with eloquent success constitutes in essence the political history of England during the second half of the eighteenth century. He defended, among others, Admiral Keppel, Lord George Gordon, the Dean of St. Asaph, the editors of *The Morning Chronicle*, Thomas Hardy, John Horn Tooke, and John Thelwell, (the last named, tried for high treason during England's "reign of terror"). The Gordon case arose over the repeal of the law restricting the rights of Catholics. Many of these cases involved clashes with the Crown and the House of Lords and dealt with questions of free speech and the restricted civil liberties of individuals. In almost every contest, Erskine, always representing the side of justice, won against judicial persecution and in many cases perjury. A major victory was his defense of John Stockwell, who published a pamphlet in support of Warren Hastings, and was charged with seditious libel.

With adroit judgment, Mr. Stryker creates the portrait of the man and the turbulent times in which he lived by rich selection from Erskine's own words—his skilful brushes with adversaries, his resourcefulness in cross-examination, his passionate appeals to court and jury. Here we have literally the speaking likeness of the man, the inspired master of forensic oratory.

The author stresses Erskine as the trial lawyer and champion of pregnant issues. He but touches on his considerable private practice and his family life. Herein one reads with sustained interest and excitement the chronicle of the England of the period and the struggles out of which grew the liberalized country we now know. We find vivid, colorful portraits of the leading figures in the drama—George IV and George V, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Gibbon, Tom Paine, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Charles James Fox, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, to name but a few.

This book is important for our own day. It gives a revealing picture of the age-long fight for human rights, civil liberties, and the establishment of the philosophy and reign of democracy. Erskine, a great lawyer, was first and always a great democrat.

Melville Cane, a lawyer by profession, is a writer by choice and has published several volumes of verse.

An Anthropological Poet

CONCERNING MAN. By Gil Orlovitz. New York: The Banyan Press. 1947. 81 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED KREYMBORG

TWO young authors who are also printers have made their bow as publishers under the name, The Banyan Press, and have introduced the young Philadelphian Gil Orlovitz, a poet with an amazing talent for grappling with human and superhuman problems on a wildly rhetorical basis. The only hope or advice he offers at the close of his tumultuous pages is characteristic of the whole volume:

Come, humans, receive yourselves; succumb to your mortality;
to tempt infinitude is to die before your time. Be fecund with the moment's disaster,
and you will find disaster a white-haired seer.

Orlovitz, a student of religion and anthropology, has an original gift for the elegiac mood and never softens his energetic drive with illusion or sentiment. Harsh brasses and tympani lead the orchestral language and if there are strings and woodwinds they are scarcely heard. Even God and "God's female" are helpless before the onrush of destiny, and the Lord, "a madman drunken with Man," is forced to cry out against his creature:

Man, man—wail not
to me, for I am done with thy casting me out
of thee, and bowing and weeping before thy castaway.
Thou canst not escape me by spitting me out of thee, making
me image, paying me with idolatry.
My power is not image,
my power is thee!
To thee do I kneel on the Altar of Man. For thee
have I committed deicide!

This paradoxical challenge has an original air and speech. And while some readers may find an occasional metaphor overdrawn and some of the poet's inventions too odd for communication, they must admit that Orlovitz accepts life and death as they appear to him and that he never evades the responsibility of opening his body and mind to the deepest wound. Even in the following lyric, affliction is germane to all:

Each man the blindness he cannot forget,
the mute in tongueless recall;
each man in silence dumbly inset
in stuporous madrigal.

Each man the stone
beyond his hammer,
the promenade of prone
under the prow of clamor,

Numb must he sing him his round:
without ear eternity's sound;
and eyeless become star-lit:
in perfect affliction the infinite.

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Midwife to Literature

HARRISON SMITH

WITH the death on June 18 of Maxwell Evarts Perkins, for thirty-four years editor of Charles Scribner's Sons, an era in American publishing appears to have come to an end. In 1910, after three years of reporting for *The New York Times,* young Max Perkins entered diffidently the somnolent and ancient offices of Scribner's, armed with a letter to Charles Scribner from Harvard's elderly professor Barrett Wendell. It closed with two sentences which described him well enough. "He has the right stuff. He is really the sort one can depend on."

In choosing publishing as a career Max Perkins could not have known that he had found the right moment in time to serve his apprenticeship in an old and distinguished house, that the long period of subservience to British publishing methods and writers was almost over. It lasted longer in Scribner's than in any other of the old establishments. Its president, Charles Scribner, the second, was getting on in years; its editor, white-bearded, venerable William Brownell napped every afternoon on his office couch, and the staff might have been there forever. Its list of British books was impeccably correct since the editors had to live up to literary monuments like Stevenson, Barrie, Meredith, and Galsworthy. The firm's American list was distinguished and completely harmless. As far as is known, not a single sentence that could lead a schoolgirl to blush had ever appeared in a Scribner book before 1920. As someone has said, Scribner's stopped publishing Edith Wharton after her novel "The Age of Innocence," for fear of what might follow. It was Maxwell Perkins's task a few years later to take this distinguished house out of Victorianism into the full stream of modern American literature. Malcolm Cowley, in his profile of Mr. Perkins in *The New Yorker,* wrote that he had made Scribner's "leap straight from the age of innocence into the lost generation." That this metamorphosis began with a single writer, Scott Fitzgerald, does not lessen his part in it. Other publishing houses have built up distinguished lists by the happy accident of finding one or two new writers who have enthusiastically brought in others, and "This Side of Paradise" had sold a prodigious number of copies for a first novel, thirty years ago. Then Ernest Hemingway, to whom Fitzgerald had sung the praises of Scribner's new editor, fell under Perkins's spell. The rest of the writers who benefited by his editorial gifts came along fast enough, Ring Lardner, Marcia Davenport, Marjorie Rawlings, S. S. Van Dine, Taylor Caldwell, and many another. Certainly no editor has ever had so many books dedicated to him from authors who felt that they owed the flowering of their talents to one man. These dedications all sing the same tune, they praise his "loyal devotion," his "patient care," or his "consummate editorial judgment." A few of them add that old but heartfelt line, "without whom this book could not have been written."

"Look Homeward, Angel," Thomas Wolfe's first novel, was published by Scribner's in 1929, and shortly afterward Mr. Perkins began his greatest editorial effort, his battle royal with that stubborn and unruly writer, so sure of his genius that he poured out words and thundering sentences in an apparently inexhaustible torrent. His battle with that intemperate giant whose six-foot-seven inches of explosive and powerful manhood towered over the modest and reticent editor, has become a legend in literary history. In those years anyone who went into Cherio's, the little restaurant over on East Fifty-third Street that Perkins had made the center of his New York life outside his office, could not fail to be struck by this strangely mismated pair. The table had to be stout to endure Wolfe's pounding during those endless and, on the editor's part, those quiet and persistent arguments.

The disputes, which went on for over a year and a half, becoming more intense and wearisome, began after Perkins had digested the contents of the three or four thousand pages Wolfe had labeled "Of Time and the River," and which contained certainly over a million words. It was undisciplined, chaotic, and repetitive, but the editor could not doubt that it was a work of genius, though he rarely used extravagant and unprecise words. Perkins made notes on the margin of these sprawling pages and fought over them in the evenings, while the scowling, sulky, or angry author sat beside him defending his precious paragraphs and pages. The tidy schedules of half a lifetime were disrupted. It had been Perkins's habit to leave the office before five, talk with an author or agent for an hour over a cocktail, usually at the men's bar at the Ritz, before catching the train to New Canaan and arriving at his house about seven-twenty, in time for dinner with his five daughters and his wife. Now he waited for Wolfe at the office until as late as half-past seven or eight, went out to dine with him, the tense argument and rejoinder flowing on uninterrupted until late in the night. Toward the end of the ordeal Wolfe developed the disconcerting habit of bringing in sheaves of manuscript pages which he had written during the day, new chapters, whole episodes, thousands of words to fill the spaces that had been cleared by Perkins the night before. It was like trying to clear a path through the thick undergrowth of a forest, to find it closed in again the next day. Finally, the work was done, and the book appeared in March of 1935, trimmed to a single volume.

—*Blank-Stoller.*

Maxwell Perkins "had the quiet manner, the generosity, and kindliness that belong to his kind."

THERE was no question of the devotion of Thomas Wolfe to his taskmaster and editor. Nevertheless, he left Perkins and left Scribner's shortly afterward. His monumental ego could

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 693)

H. L. MENCKEN:
TREATISE ON THE GODS
(Revised 1946)

Religion in its essence is not a scheme of conduct, but a theory of causes. . . . It represents one of man's boldest efforts to penetrate the unknowable, to put down the intolerable, to refashion the universe nearer to his heart's desire.

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not suffer the knowledge that his growing renown was partly due to his editor and that his indebtedness to him was only too widely recognized and perhaps exaggerated. The reams of manuscript that had been excised from "Of Time and the River," or never permitted to enter it, were packed up in large boxes in his flat in South Brooklyn, waiting for use in future novels; where the reader will find scenes, characters, and episodes that might have been included in a single, monumental work, larger than Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

The future can only judge that Maxwell Perkins was right and that Wolfe, when he called this inspired editing "massacre" and "mutilation," was wrong. Wolfe wrote during those three years prodigiously; his tumultuous sentences were like a river in flood, obliterating landmarks and roads, while Perkins was constantly at work building dams and turning the flow into an orderly current. His editing was not that of an over-careful and meticulous man. He obeyed certain rules that are followed by the best craftsmen of his kind. Malcolm Cowley has set them down in order. When an author is sure of himself, the manuscript may go to the printer without a single comma shifted. Leave a writer's style alone, even if you do not approve of it. Make definite suggestions that are in the spirit of the author's intentions. Do not indulge your own suppressed creative instincts by changing the structure and meaning of other people's books. In a long, involved manuscript try to bring order out of confusion. You must not be too meticulous. Aside from these commonplace rules his editing was inspired by his ability to discover what lay in the mind and heart of the writer. He never made abrupt suggestions, but in rambling conversation and observations slowly brought the writer to see his own errors. It might be called editing by osmosis.

While it may be true that the greatest editors are only remembered for the names they have carved on the tombstones of literary graveyards, Maxwell Perkins has other claims on the affectionate remembrance of those who knew him over the years. Though he was born in New York and worked there all his life, he was to the backbone a New Englander of distinguished ancestry, and he had the quiet good manners, the generosity, and kindliness, hidden under the reserve, that belong to his kind. There could be no greater contrast between this hard-working, modest, and determined man and the two-hundred - and - fifty - pound, volcanic genius whose work he brought to birth.

Mr. Hearst and Sex

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last fall the Hearst newspapers carried on a campaign against salacious literature. In Seattle, Washington, the crusade, launched in the columns of the local Hearstian* Seattle Post-Intelligencer, *gave rise to the report printed below, which was perhaps not precisely what the editors of the Hearst papers had been looking for.*

At the request of the City Council, Mayor Devin of Seattle appointed a citizens committee to investigate salacious literature. Consisting of a professor and a librarian from the University of Washington, a minister, a representative of the Parent-Teacher Association, and the librarian for the City of Seattle, the committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. George Savage, professor of creative writing at the University, deliberated some months, then gave birth to the following sane and stimulating statement. The report, hitherto not widely circulated, is, the editors of SRL *believe, an unusual contribution to the perennial discussion of censorship and salacious books, and as such should be of interest to their readers.*

THE Committee believes that literature, like the written word in general and like the other arts, has an important influence upon the minds and morals of the community. It applauds every well-considered constructive effort to promote the dissemination of the better examples among such media and to discourage that of the worse. The committee is of the opinion, however, that governmental restriction, though it is of course necessary for the control or elimination of frankly pornographic material, is a fallible and to a large extent an unworkable method of dealing with other aspects of the problem. One might well heed Heywood Broun's assertion "To forbid is to underline."

The subject of sex, against the treatment of which legal censorship has almost exclusively been invoked, is of course not in itself indecent; (nor are many other subjects for which public censorship is scarcely ever suggested any less deleterious if sensationally handled. The romanticizing of crime, for example, is scarcely an invocation to good behavior. But it is older than Robin Hood and as new as today's comic strips (however regularly the criminal may at last be caught up with); and no one proposes that the proper treatments for Jesse James and his contemporary equivalents, or for the successive fictional or pictorial supermen who capture the popular fancy and who are so prone to take the law into their own hands is to outlaw them from the picture or the word.

The committee also believes that in dealing with the subject of sex, aside from the open pornographia above mentioned, censors have on the one hand frequently been erratic and on the other have been the effective advertisers of works that would otherwise have received but little attention from those who might turn to them in a prurient spirit.

We must recall that, in the large area in which morality and sentiment overlap, undraped human ankles and undraped piano legs have at certain times and places been held to be indecent, and that both popular and official taboos have frequently seemed merely quaint or ridiculous to later generations. (Moving picture censors in Pennsylvania once did, and maybe still do, consider it indecent and lascivious to show a woman sewing tiny garments.) And we should also recognize that the vast bulk of aphrodisiac representation—and it is both omnipresent and far more alluring than literary realism—is either winked at by the public and the censor alike or protects itself with a spurious technical propriety that puts it beyond the reach of anything short of a moral gestapo: sex news, sex feature stories, sex confessions, sexually accented advertising, and sex humor—both verbal and pictorial—are everywhere, and no one has yet been so hardy or foolhardy as to seek their elimination through government action. Finally, we must observe that in the long history of censorship a large number of what are now recognized as among the world's great works of art and great contributions to knowledge and thought have been pilloried as indecent; and the committee can find no evidence that the official or self-designated censors of

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today can be trusted to exercise a surer judgment than those of the past.

The committee therefore believes that books or other printed material dealing with the subject of sex—aside from out-and-out pornographia —should like controversial or substandard writing on other subjects be challenged not in a negative but in a positive fashion by subjecting it to the competition of unquestionably healthy work, and that the task of both our institutions and our public-spirited citizens is to do everything in their power to stimulate the recognition, the understanding, and the dissemination of good literature. The committee further believes that such competition is a necessary part of the educational processes, for a sense of values is the product of comparison and the opportunity to make comparisons is the only means of developing the power of discrimination which is an essential objective of education for democracy. When John Milton said, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue," he expressed a principle fundamental to a free society, that of the right of personal moral judgment within the framework of social order. As the well-known newspaper man, Heywood Broun saw it, "Before deciding on a line of conduct, man has an inherent right to see samples. Morality is still a matter open to debate, and it is impertinent for any individual to assume the right to swing a gavel and shut off discussion."

Let us turn then to the instrumentalities that are capable of making the positive emphasis on good writing and good art in general that is the only really effective means of combatting the bad. Among these are books, periodicals, the daily press, moving pictures, the radio, lectures, schools and teachers, libraries and librarians, churches, parent-teacher organizations, parent education classes, adult education organizations, and parents in the home. The opportunities available to such agencies are innumerable and they can only be sampled here:

1. Good books are available and can be made more so. Those who can should buy them and make sure that by their selections they help to bring home to publishers the profitability of publishing good books rather than poor ones. Those who are unable to buy many books can turn to the public libraries and by their borrowings convey a similar message to the publishers. Guidance in book selection is available in schools, in libraries, in book clubs, in reviews in the periodical and daily press, in books about books. Effective demand is the best means of bringing about an improvement and extension of these aids.

2. Periodicals of an almost infinite variety are in circulation and many of them are excellent. It is true, as one can verify by checking the display at any popular newsstand, that there is a spate of useless or meretricious periodical literature, under such headings as *Crime, Detective and Mystery, Confession, White Slave, Sex, Love, Comics,* but even among these there are better and worse. Among less widely circulated publications there are many excellent magazines, and teachers and librarians are universally eager to cooperate—particularly with children and their parents — in getting them a wider reading.

3. The newspapers have various departments and features which would surely be expanded or added to in response to popular demand: the Sunday book pages; the supplements (though these are somewhat mixed pickles, it must be confessed); the coverage—sometimes authentic—of movies, plays, concerts, and exhibits; feature stories on local color and local history; the "comics," some of which are good and most of which are at least better than the run of their newsstand rivals. Newspapers which are particularly concerned about the moral quality of current literature have a special responsibility to extend and improve these at present fairly meager press offerings.

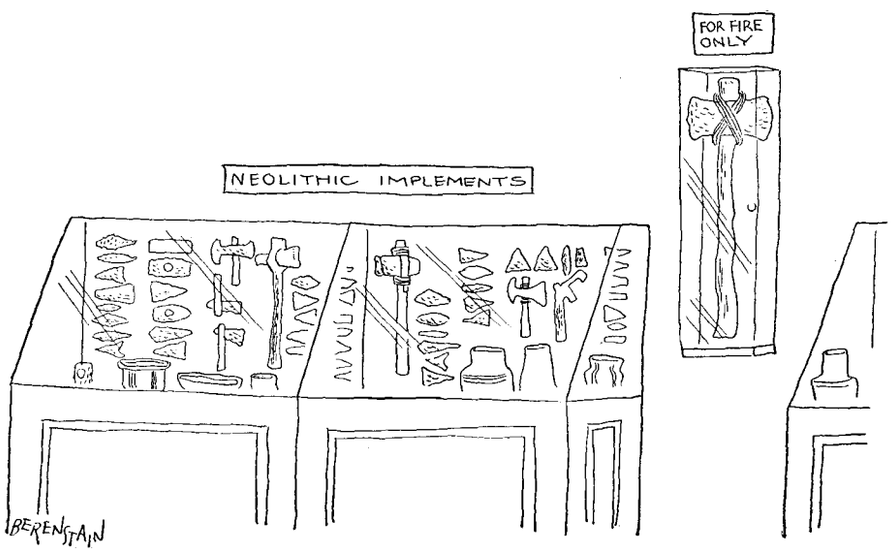
4. Teachers and librarians are more than eager to increase their use of the moving picture, the phonograph record, and the radio, but until now they have been severely limited by their budgets. The importance of visual and auditory aids to education was abundantly demonstrated by the experience of the armed forces in the recent war, but their possibilities for civilian education have been barely tapped. Organizations and individual citizens should see to the funding of these aids and the exploring of their techniques. They combine to a maximum degree the elements of instruction and entertainment whose combination is so important to the vitalizing of education.

The commercial development of these instrumentalities can be, and in many instances has been creative. The broadcasting of concerts from performance or from records, newscasts and news commentaries, forums of the air, public events, drama, special educational features—these are all familiar on the air. The films carry on the turgid stream of their prevailing mediocrity an occasional work of artistic or other importance. The record libraries of a growing number of young people testify to the importance of the phonograph. The promising factor with reference to all these is that their as yet unused potential is great and the competition which their further creative development can give to the shoddy and the vicious elements in modern expression is almost unlimited. The insistence on such development is the public's responsibility.

5. The universities, the colleges, the art museums, the main and branch libraries, the churches, and other local agencies offer lectures of high quality on a surprising variety of subjects. Additional publicity for such events would have at least as much value as an equal amount of space devoted to castigating salacious books.

6. The schools and libraries and churches are the most numerous, the best organized, and the most experienced public agencies devoted to general and moral education. They all need and can make constructive use of more public support than they are getting. Of the three, the schools are at the moment probably nearest a

(*Continued on page* 32)



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Everything Gets Read

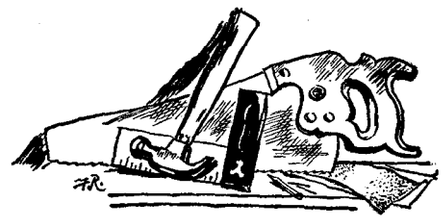
LET IT be assumed that you suddenly develop a lively interest in bee-keeping. You ask your local bookseller if he has any books on the subject. It is not likely that he has, but he digs up two or three or perhaps even a dozen in-print titles and obtains these for you from the publishers. But there is a whole literature of bee-keeping which is out of print. You may have noted a few titles on your public library three-by-fives. Your bookseller will gladly advertise for these, either in "The Weekly Book Exchange" department in the old-and-rare section of *Publishers' Weekly*, or in *Want List*, published, also in New York, by Eugene Thumin, or in both. He may even insert a notice in *The Clique* of London. In each instance he will list the titles which you are looking for and will probably add, below the list, the inclusive request: "Anything on bee-keeping."

Booksellers throughout the nation and many beyond its borders will thus be alerted to your passion for bees (though your own bookseller will see to it that you remain anonymously in the background), and in the course of a few weeks you will be appalled or delighted by the vastness of the literature of the bee. What you do about it will depend wholly on the breadth of your interest, the length of your shelfage, and the depth of your personal finances.

These rosters of sought-for books invariably offer an engrossing conspectus of the activities of the more zealous seeker after knowledge. Sometimes he (or she) is obviously a professional; more often, not quite so obviously, an amateur. The client of the South Carolina bookshop who wants Moulton and Milligan's "Vocabulary of the Greek Testament," Torrey's "A Treasury of Scripture Knowledge," Ingliss's "Cyclopedia of Bible Texts and Subjects," Gaussens's "Origin and Inspiration of the Bible," Lawson's "World's Best-Loved Religious Quotations," Alexander's "Common Faults in Writing English," Treble's "ABC of English Usage," and John o' London's "Is It Good English?" is patently a preacher on the hunt for ideas for sermons and for the right words to couch them in. The bookseller stands ready to serve Mammon as well as God; in the same issue of "The Weekly Book Exchange" a Hartford shop advertises for Dunnigan's "Investor's Handbook," Schabacker's "Stock Market Theory and Practice" and "Technical Analysis and Market Profits," and Bernheim's "The Security Markets."

The hobbyist is perpetually in evidence. A Bostonian appeals for Calder's "Rhode Island Pewterers and Their Work," a Seattleite for volume two of Gray's "Hardy Bulbs," a resident of Springfield, Massachusetts, for an Emerson title, but not the Emerson you have in mind—this one wrote "A Treatise Relative to the Testing of Waterwheels and Machinery." Somebody in Oakland wants Goffrie's "The Violin," Hart's "The Violin: Its Famous Makers," Mason's "Violin Making," and, in a noble expansion of interest, Spade's "How to Run a Bassoon Factory." The Oakland enthusiast doubtless already has Allen's "Violin Making As It Was and Is," which is sought by a Cincinnatian. Somebody in Cleveland is eager to own Bergstrom's "Glass Paperweights." A San Franciscan seeks Wiley's "Beverages and Their Adulteration" with, one hopes, no sinister ends in view. A Reno resident, with singular aptness, wants "Civilization and Its Discontents," author unspecified. Toronto offers a medley of tastes; a local bookseller has customers for Lautner's "Analysis of Land Subdivision Control and Practices," "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," Irving's "Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century," and Falk's "How to Make Animated Cartoons." A Philadelphian wants Fraser's "Doll Making at Home," a resident of Beverly Hills requests Weismuller's "Swimming the American Crawl," and a Chicagoan "All left wing titles, pro and con."

A Detroit shop has a cluster of clients with a commendable variety of interests, for it is inconceivable that a single individual would be looking for Toske's "Life of Hans Christian Andersen," Jones's "Nightmares, Witches, and Devils," Kahn's "Psychopathic Personalities," Harold Bell Wright's "The Shepherd of the Hills," and "Anything by James Hadley Chase." On the other hand, another Detroit dealer appeals, clearly on behalf of a single client, for thirty-two specified Latin grammars and texts, among them C. G. Zumpt's "Grammar of the Latin Language. English trans. fr. German by Dr. Leonard Schmitz, 1845 or later edition," Hale's "Cum Constructions," and Reiley's "Studies in the Philosophical Terminology of Lucretius and Cicero."



Pasadenans, like Detroiters, manifest a variety of interests, since a local bookshop is seeking no fewer than four copies of "The Parables of Jesus" with illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge, and one copy each of Beaumont and Idzikowski's "Manual of Classical Theatrical Dancing," Black's "Key to Weaving," Foster and Headley's "Education in the Kindergarten," Garrett's "My Life in Search of Mediumship," Greenhill's "Yearbook of Obstetrics" for 1945, Haven and Belden's "The Colt Revolver," Hobb's "How to Manage a Private Hotel," and Wrensch's "Horses in Sport."

Occasionally a want reflects a literary discovery, as in the instance of a request from New Bedford not for something on whaling but for "Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Anything by." And a prophet is not necessarily without honor even in his own country—a Baltimore bookseller lists "Mencken. Anything. Permanent want."

Escapism, too, is a permanent want. A Los Angeles resident appeals for Slocum's "Around the World in the Sloop *Spray*," and, far inland, a Cincinatian for Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World"—obviously the same book. Much of the charm of the entries inheres in their occasional inaccuracy in citing titles—some reader is seeking to recapture a first fine careless rapture, but cannot remember precisely what name it went by.

It is pleasant to reflect that in a world plagued by desperate insecurity, there are still tiny cases of interest that are private, intimate, intensely personal, self-centered, and self-sufficient — that there are still people who are too deeply committed to glass paperweights, Latin grammar, the manufacture of violins, weaving, pewter, waterwheels, and the sloop *Spray* to have to ponder the potentialities of bacteriological warfare. Somehow, somewhere, sanity persists.

J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anti-Wylie M & M Society

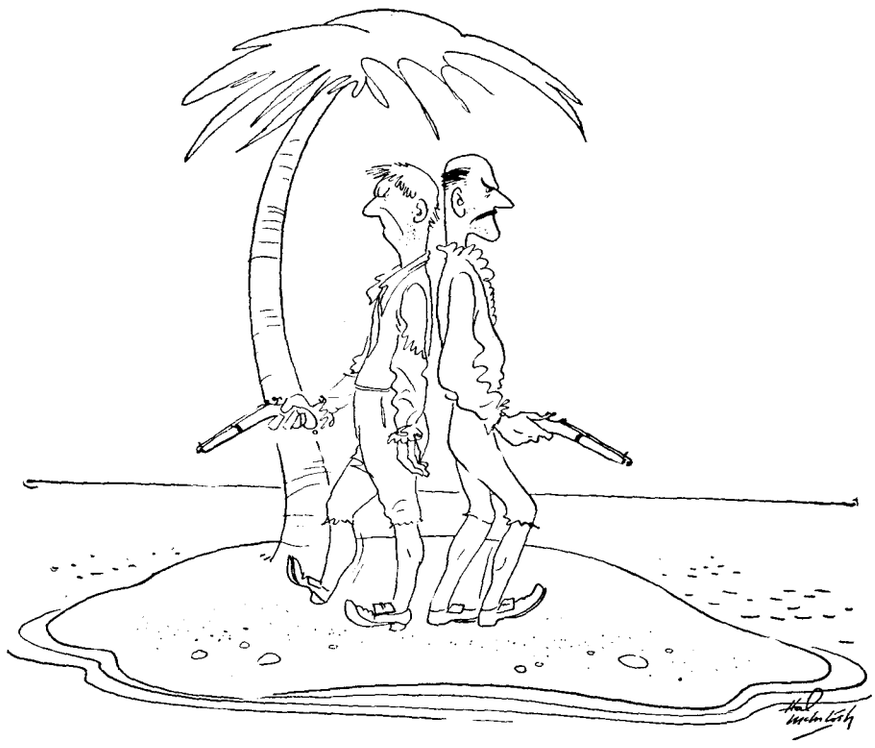
SIR: Miss Estelle Aubrey Brown's article "Down with Wylie! Up with Mom" [*SRL* May 31] has come belatedly to my attention. Her argument is of a piece with various other slurs and maunderings anent my work which have appeared in these pages during the past year. So much attention flatters me. But, in the interest of good, clean fun, I wish the Anti-Wylie Marching and Mincemeat Societies, both here and elsewhere, would stay within the bounds of simple fact and logical rule. Miss Brown, like others, accuses me of blaming the ills of the world on mom and overlooking pop.

This charge derives from certain amused comments I made concerning mom in "Generation of Vipers." Twenty of its pages were devoted to mom—the remaining 340 to an arraignment of pop—pop as a statesman, soldier, physician, scientist, advertiser, priest, preacher, Congressman, economist, motorist, and plain common man!

Why, then, does anyone keep saying that Wylie, the low, male rat, picked on poor mom and gave his own sex a whitewash? The reason must lie in the field of abnormal psychology. My work — however slaphappy or incompetent or rude—is an application of the psychological formulations made by Carl Gustav Jung, the Zurich genius. Jung's basic hypothesis—like that of Einstein a quarter of a century ago—is understood by very few people; like relativity at that time, it is also misrepresented by many who think they understand it. I have been accused of this last, also—in spite of the fact that Dr. Jung himself finds my slightly ribald expositions germane to his work.

A person whose conclusions concerning Man are based upon economic notions—as are Miss Brown's—or on some minor branch of the science of human conduct—behaviorism, for instance—is at a disadvantage in such discussions as these. Jung's formulations *include* their data and their theory; they, on the other hand, are inclined to disparage, without studying it deeply, that vast body of empirical knowledge which began to emerge with Sigmund Freud and matured with Jung.

Unfortunately, the complete works of Jung have never been printed in America. Fortunately, however, Jung's basic hypothesis has been elicited anew by another brilliant scholar and presented in the identical terms. I refer to Arnold J. Toynbee, an abridgment of whose "A Study of History" is currently and deservedly a best seller. Scholars, philosophers, and psychologists have given Toynbee every accolade for his presentation of the causes of the rise and fall of some sixteen civilizations in the last six thousand years. They understand Toynbee's formulation, expect History itself to be altered by the news of it, and, in short, welcome concerning the past, a psychological theory which for a generation, they have ignored or repudiated whenever



Jung has uttered it—possibly because Jung has dealt in terms of their own present and of themselves.

If Miss Brown cannot find Jung's books—or cannot comprehend them—perhaps she will read Toynbee, after which a more interesting and authentic meeting of the Anti-Wylie Marching and Mincemeat Society might be held. For, as I say, I will hardly be expected to debate with anyone who claims that I blamed mom for all evil and let pop off scott-free. My only possible defense against such a shocking paralysis of the powers of observation is the use of a weapon recommended by the late John Barrymore: the fedora. Your gentleman, beleagured by milady's irrational rejoinders, claps it on his head and gets the hell out.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Rushford, N. Y.

In Defense of an Attitude

SIR: Although he granted the honesty of my purpose, Mr. Norman Cousins took me to task in his editorial of last week for neglecting the other side of the medal, in a three-months-old editorial of my own, a straightforward piece called "Let the Eagle Scream," in which this country's greatness and strength were celebrated. It was the product of months of listening day and night to calumniators of our country, who could find no merit in our behavior at home or our policy abroad. In Mr. Cousins's final sentence he wrote that Thomas Jefferson never counted our blessings without also counting our responsibilities. However, Mr. Jefferson used a good deal more space to develop his ideas than the thousand words normally used by any editorial writer for *The Saturday Review* except Mr. Cousins, who once spread one of his over five pages.

I was as well aware as my colleague and critic, Norman Cousins, that there are a thousand things wrong with this country; nevertheless, the enthusiastic account I gave of our positive virtues was as true as Mr. Cousins's more negative one. It was actually the first of three editorial comments on our ability to command our destiny and survive intact in a dangerous moment in history. The first ended by praying that we would have the compassion and the power to come to the aid of all of stricken mankind, a sentiment which acknowledged our responsibilities and of which Thomas Jefferson would surely have approved. The other two took up various aspects of that responsibility, though I did not mention, as he did, the atomic bomb, radio-active gases, or the fact that we spent last year eight billions betting on the horses, or have recently "dumped" a million tons of potatoes. That is a lot of potatoes, Mr. Cousins.

HARRISON SMITH.

SIR: May I suggest the points at issue between Mr. Smith and myself are to be found in the original editorial by Mr. Smith [*SRL* Mar. 15] and in the answering editorial last week.

N. C.

Believers and Unbelievers

SIR: Isn't Francis K. Wallace [*SRL* May 31] doing just what he (justly) accuses the Luce magazines of doing —interpreting facts (or theories) under the guise of mere presentation of

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facts (or theories)? His "world created by an omnipotent God" is a premise based merely upon supposition. The vast number of persons who do not accept the existence of a God, omnipotent or otherwise, cannot argue away Kenneth Stewart's statement on that premise [Apr. 5]. If freedom of religion means anything at all, it means, as Mr. Stewart says, freedom *from* religion as well. "The Lord of the universe" first has to be proved to exist before we can be obliged to deal with him as existent.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Craneana Wanted

SIR: Twenty-seven years ago Thomas Beer asked Christopher Morley to lend a hand, through his column in *SRL*, in obtaining information for a projected biography of Stephen Crane. Today, I repeat Mr. Beer's request.

I should appreciate information concerning Stephen Crane which would aid in the completion of a final, critical biography. For information concerning repositories of Craneana (letters to, from, and about Crane or his wife or his friends; photographs, manuscripts); for addresses of the friends and relatives of Crane (who have not been contacted); for facts which are of pertinent literary or biographical significance, I should be most grateful.

MELVIN H. SCHOBERLIN.

2725 W. North Ave.
Baltimore 16, Md.

Platypuses

SIR: May I call the attention of interested readers to two recently published Australian books? The three platypuses, or duckbills, recently acquired for the Bronx Zoo have received a publicity that is well deserved. They are whimsical and personable animals, pleasant to see, and furred with exquisite softness. Although the last relicts of an evolutionary line which got no further, they are more than quaint; for if their flexible bills are more curious than beautiful, the device of nature by which mammals (as they are, of course) lay eggs and hatch their young, would, if it had come down in our racial line, made childbirth a less painful and disagreeable affair for the women of our species. One of these books is "We Breed the Platypus," by David Fleahy, who, as valet, physician, and friend of the platypuses accompanied his charges to New York. The other is "The Platypus," by Charles Barrett, who was first to keep the platypus in captivity, as Fleahy was the first to get them to reproduce in what he named a platypusary. Both can be obtained at two shillings sixpence each, from Robertson & Mullens, Melbourne, Australia, who will doubtless send them with a bill, on mention of *The Saturday Review*.

HENRY S. CANBY.

More for Mr. Platt

SIR: I suggest "Ends and Means" by Aldous Huxley, for Mr. Platt [*SRL* Apr. 12].

BARRY STEVENS.

Mayer, Ariz.

Reference Shelf

Some New Titles

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH CHRISTIAN NAMES. Compiled by E. G. Withycombe. New York: Oxford University Press.

A dictionary of the meanings and origins of given names together with historical notes on the permutations and combinations they have undergone.

DICTIONARY OF EDUCATION. Edited by Carter Victor Good. New York: McGraw-Hill.

A compendium of technical and professional terms and concepts, covering the entire field of education.

HANDBOOK OF CLASSICAL DRAMA. Edited by Philip Whaley Harsh. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press.

Presents "the general factual background, biographies of the dramatists, and a discussion of the structure, purpose, and meaning of each of forty-five Greek and thirty-six Latin plays."

COLUMBIA DICTIONARY OF MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Edited by Horatio Smith. New York: Columbia University Press.

A handy reference volume covering continental European writers of the twentieth century and the decades immediately preceding it. Contains general surveys, and specific evaluations and biographical material on the leading writers of all countries.

COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Clark F. Ansley. New York: Columbia University Press.

1946 supplement to the Columbia Encyclopedia, issued in 1935. Records major events since the publication of the last supplement.

INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION IN THE WEST. Edited by the Contemporary Civilization Staff of Columbia College. New York: Columbia University Press.

A source book.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE NEGRO. Edited by William E. Burhardt Du Bois and Guy Benton. New York: W. W. Wilson.

This is the preparatory volume, presenting general outlines, for an extensive work which is to be comparable to the Catholic and Jewish encyclopedias in concentration on the interests of its special field.

A BOOK ABOUT A THOUSAND THINGS. By George William Stimpson. New York: Harper & Bros.

In question and answer form this book supplies the meaning of a wide number of words. It does not pretend to be all-inclusive but follows its own sweet way in the selection of its contents.

THE ORIGIN OF THINGS. By Julius E. Lips. New York: Current Books.

An anthropologist's collection of facts concerning the common objects of everyday use, comprehensive but not inclusive.

WORDS: The New Dictionary. New York: Grosset & Dunlap.

A concise dictionary containing over 70,000 entries, with a vocabulary building section, a section on foreign sentences and phrases, biographical entries, and a geographical gazetteer with census and population figures.

THE BABY MANUAL. By Dr. Herman S. Bundesen.

An encyclopedia of baby care information.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PUZZLES AND PASTIMES. Edited by Clark Kinnaird. New York: Citadel Press.

An over-all presentation of the subject with discussion of the origin and development of various types of puzzles and pastimes and examples of each.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 212

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 212 will be found in the next issue.

CB CFAMDK RB GRFN CA

BG TGXM ARHXML FNRB R

DCM CA HGBFMTEFCODM.

TRP AFCXBMX—

FNM MQG RBL NCA GSB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 211

Everyone is the chief personage, the hero, of his own baptism, his own wedding, and his own funeral.

O. W. HOLMES.

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Martinique to America via Paris

MOREAU DE ST. MERY'S AMERICAN JOURNAL 1793-1798. Translated and Edited by Kenneth Roberts and Anna M. Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 374 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HARRY HATCHER

WHILE Kenneth Roberts was doing his research for "Lydia Bailey" he came across a little-known book in French. It was the travel diary of a Paris lawyer, Moreau de St. Méry, who had come to Paris from Martinique. The French Revolution found him vice president of the Commune for a few brief days. As a liberal it was inevitable that he would run afoul of the radical Robespierre. Flight seemed the only solution; so he sailed with his family to that less hectic and more stable republic in America just a few hours before Robespierre's guillotine police rode into LeHavre looking for him. So stimulating and so curious did Kenneth Roberts find Moreau's book, that he and Mrs. Roberts set about translating it for the rest of us. We owe them both a debt of gratitude, for not only is it the absorbing book they say it is, but it is one which gives us the serious and trivial facts of our early Republican days in a fashion at once unique and quite unobtainable elsewhere.

The Moreau de St. Méry family landed in Norfolk, Va., early in March 1794, after a crossing of 119 terrible winter days, in an American packet of 180 tons manned by a crew of those inexplicable Yankee sailors, who seemed to leave everything to chance —no skill, of course, being involved. From Norfolk, which the British had burned, they went on to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, and then by stage to Trenton, Princeton (where there were eighty scholars, ignored by their teachers and paying a tuition of one hundred dollars), Brunswick, Newark, and finally, New York. The family spent the summer in New York. That autumn they went to Philadelphia, where they lived for the next four years with countless other French émigrées. (There were some twenty-five thousand who had found asylum in the United States during the French Revolution.) In those years our diplomatic relations with the French had so deteriorated that finally we began to see Gallic spies behind every drawn curtain. By the spring of 1798 Moreau found himself on President Adams's deportation list. When Adams was asked what were the charges against Moreau he replied: "Nothing in particular, but he's too French." It is lucky for posterity that he was. Being a curious as well as an educated Frenchman he observed many things and recorded them in detail. Being Moreau de St. Méry, as well as a child of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, he applied the scientific method to hearsay, legend, and gossip, as well as to straight reporting and the collecting of statistics. All of this gives his book a puckishness which could only be found in a highly spiced farmer's almanac of 1795 merged with a scientific quarterly, with a leering *Town Topics* thrown in for good measure.

During his summer on Manhattan, Moreau discovered that the average working man was paid a dollar a day (for nine hours' work) a laundress was paid fifty cents a day, and that butter cost twenty-five cents a pound, milk twelve cents a quart, meat ten cents a pound, eggs twelve cents a dozen, oranges one dollar a dozen, and a trip by cart eighteen cents. Price trouble in those days too! And worse; for these figures must be measured against earnings of six dollars a week. Some things though cost less; a confinement could be managed for $12.50 and a good horse bought for seventy-five dollars. One thing which perplexed Moreau is still as great a mystery 153 years later. He says:

> A strange habit of New Yorkers is their mania for moving on May 1st, if they don't own a house. This moving must be seen to be believed. No one was ever able to tell me the reason for it.

One great custom which we have managed to banish, although the cost must have been high, both in injury and in heartache, Moreau describes as follows: "Powder is everywhere on the ground, where everyone walks on it; it is given to children to play with and to make firecrackers. What a country!"

Most of St. Méry's stay in the new United States was spent in Philadelphia. It was the leading city of the country, and full of French refugees, among them Talleyrand, Demeunier, de Noailles, La Colombe, and the duc d'Orleans, all of them friends of Moreau. Not a small part of his book is taken up with correspondence and meetings with his émigrée friends.

Moreau de St. Méry opened a bookstore in Philadelphia on the corner of Front and Market Streets where he specialized in French books and carried a side line of contraceptives. (Trust the French!) Apparently he was not an outstanding salesman for the shop did not flourish. His heart was in his writing and he set down all manner of observations as to the conjugal customs of Philadelphians, the sex life of Quakers, the high percentage of immorality among the five thousand indentured servants who poured into the town every year. He has some interesting remarks to make on the lechery among non-indentured folk.

But M. Moreau was not always preoccupied with sex. He wrote about the banking system, about the churches, the cemeteries, the slaves, the frequent fires, and he was constantly being surprised by the American inequalities. As if to prove that the English are not the only race addicted to blind tradition he notes: "A custom that might be termed extravagant is that of washing doors, windows and sidewalks every Wednesday and Saturday morning. This lunacy exposes the passersby to the danger of breaking their necks."

In the summer of 1798 the Moreau de St. Mérys, at the instance of Mr. John Adams, returned to Paris. This time the voyage took only thirty-five days but it was much worse than the western crossing, for eight of the passengers died of yellow fever. Through his friendship with Talleyrand he was appointed Ambassador to Parma. The next year the Duke of Parma died and Moreau administered the States of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, until he was recalled by Napoleon in 1806 because he was being too lenient with Italians. Naturally the little Corporal, after the manner of dictators, refused Moreau his pension, or the forty thousand francs due him. A decade later his friend the duc d'Orleans, now Louis XVIII, made him a gift of fifteen thousand francs. He died two years later, in 1819. Moreau had a full life, if a turbulent one. Just how a participant in a revolutionary period can find anything but turbulence no one has yet figured out. A five-year respite from it was a trip to a new state just settling down from revolution of the more ordered kind. We are lucky that St. Méry did take time out from his own revolution to observe the results of ours. If he damned many of our manners and customs with faint praise, he was in general sympathetic toward our newly formed Republic.

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Seeing Things

WREATHED SMILES

IS THERE, isn't there, a Santa Claus? The summer months, you might assume, would bury so snowy a problem. Come Thanksgiving and the weeks thereafter which lead up to Christmas, and both the doubters and the believers among the young are apt to grow articulate on this subject.

The doubters, to be sure, are the less vocal. They know their agonizing moments when they doubt their very doubts. The blasphemies they have uttered terrify them as the hour approaches for the unwrapping of their presents. The wreaths, the mistletoe, the decorated tree, the hum of preparations in the kitchen, the clothes-closets that begin to pile up with mysterious packages, the growing mound of Christmas cards in the front hall, the arriving relatives, the sense of giving (and receiving) which somehow warms the chilly air—all of these are as delightful to the believers as they are unnerving to the scoffers whose heretical classmates might just be wrong.

Such joys and worries belong, however, to December. They would never find their way into these pages in July, had not Hollywood, with a fine disregard of the calendar, chosen the summer as the proper time to release "Miracle on 34th Street,"* a highly amusing and most touching film about a questioned Santa Claus.

I cannot say (as I have seen it said) that "Miracle on 34th Street" is unseasonal. No doubt it is for those minor Scrooges, the literalists, whose understanding stops with facts and who are comfortable only in the presence of the provable. Not Christmas Eve or Christmas Day would open their eyes to the film's merits. They would sit before it, outraged and uncomprehending, in any season. Their misfortune the whole year round is that they are built that way.

Happily, there are others, luckier ones who know that believing is beyond seeing. For them the Kris Kringle in "Miracle on 34th Street" reaches the heart as readily when the airconditioning is working overtime as when the fireplaces are ablaze. There are reasons for this. As acted by Edmund Gwenn, and written and directed by George Seaton, this bearded old fellow who thinks he is Santa Claus is more than a Yuletide figure. Somehow he manages to touch upon the fundamentals of all faith, and speak smilingly for that twelve-month need of virtues which are all but obscured in the workaday world.

When everything is said and done, faith is not based upon facts. It is the outgrowth of need. Its final rationality is that it admits a realm beyond reason. It does not stop with appearances. It sees further than the seeable. Its surrenders are personalized in the image of its hungers.

How Nicholas, a Russian saint, the patron of seafaring men, thieves, virgins, and children, not only had his name corrupted by the Dutch settlers in America so that we now know him as Santa Claus but how this same saint grew rotund, was granted a toy factory at the North Pole, acquired a distinctive costume, and was equipped with a sleigh, a pack, and a posse of reindeer, and then emerged as the earthly expression of what is divine in the spirit of Christmas is one of history's more mystifying evolutions. Yet the truth is that the innocent Child in the Manger and the benevolent old man from the North share in spirit and by association more than a date on the calendar. In their different ways they both stand for what millions of men and women of good will find it impossible to do without.

Edmund Gwenn as Santa Claus is "more of a grand duke than a department store's dream."

It is the complete charity of the bearded ancient from an Old Men's Home who works as Kris Kringle in the toy department of Macy's during the Christmas rush which presents "Miracle on 34th Street" with its most formidable problem and one that it solves delectably. Sunday schools are one thing; the arts another. In the latter virtue is seldom, from the audience's point of view, its own reward. The measure of the merits of Mr. Seaton's story is how poisonous it would have been had its materials been handled differently. Anything that is keyed intellectually to the level of "Jingle Bells" and "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" is apt to be hard for the adult mind to take. But "Miracle on 34th Street" is as easy to accept as a birthday or Christmas present upon which your heart has been set.

ONLY occasionally does it slip on its tears or get trampled upon by its reindeer. The hazards in mawkishness of what it is undertaking must have been numberless. Yet, for the most part, it avoids these until it almost creates the illusion that they do not exist. Instead of reaching out for the kindergarten susceptibilities, it makes an ageless appeal to innocence. Its very impracticalities turn out to be practical. Its point of departure for a world of the imagination is this world. Its fantasy, like its comedy, is anchored in facts; in cold, hard, everyday facts—in a recognizable Macy's, in the rivalry of Macy's and Gimbel's, in the pretensions of a quack psychiatrist, or the political dilemma of a judge who must decide upon the reality of Santa Claus.

Luckily, we never know in "Miracle on 34th Street" whether the old man who says he is Kris Kringle is right or wrong, mad or sane. We only hope he is right. The crowning uncertainty is an inspired one. It comes at the last moment when we see his cane resting unexplained by the fireplace in the dream house he has promised a little girl, and which is now miraculously hers as a Christmas present.

Although Hollywood is supposed to thrive on love stories and to have panted its way to prosperity, the weakest feature in "Miracle on 34th Street" is its romance. This is as chilly an affair as frost on windowpanes in December. If it is hard to accept, the fantasy to which it leads is impossible to resist.

Mr. Gwenn, always an accomplished and ingratiating actor, walks away with "Miracle" as surely as Santa

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET, written for the screen and directed by George Seaton. Produced by William Perlberg. Story by Valentine Davies. Music by Cyril Mockridge. A Twentieth Century-Fox Film. With a cast including Edmund Gwenn, Gene Lockhart, Natalie Wood, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Philip Tonge, James Seay, Porter Hall, Jerome Cowan, etc. At the Roxy.

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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St. Evgs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
THE COMEDY HIT
by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with Myron McCormick, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th Street, East of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-cond.

Claus does with Christmas Eve. Due to some madness in the billing, he is not starred along with Maureen O'Hara and John Payne. But the lovers they play are as nothing compared to the lover he plays.

If he were a Christmas card Santa Claus, all red-faced and round; if he lived up to Clement Moore's description and had a belly which shook like a bowl full of jelly, Mr. Gwenn's Kringle would doubtless have failed. The whole film would then have been geared to the obvious and the expected. Mr. Gwenn's Santa, however, is aristocratic; portly though not fat; more of a Grand Duke in his stance and the cut of his beard than a department store's dream. His goodness is internal; a matter of conviction, a principle of life, and not an acquired benevolence. He is fastidiously neat; as neat as one wishes in vain that one's children could be; a model of tidiness that Salvation Army Santas, with their ill-fitting beards and their wrinkled red coats edged with sooty cotton, would do well to emulate.

If Mr. Gwenn's Kringle is a happy escape from the stencil, so is Gene Lockhart's wonderfully humorous and vacillating judge. So is Natalie Wood's Susan, the little girl who comes to believe in Santa Claus. And so, for that matter, is the inventive touch Mr. Seaton has brought to his writing and direction at almost every turn.

THROUGHOUT the whole of "Miracle on 34th Street" one person kept popping into my mind. Whether she is living or not, I do not know. The Manhattan telephone directory does not list her. She has probably long since married and changed her name. Although by now she would be in her fifty-eighth year, for most New Yorkers she will always be a girl of eight. For them she is not an individual, she is all childhood; childhood still hoping but first assailed by doubts. Her name is Virginia O'Hanlon.

Once a year, and for the past forty-nine years, she has figured in the life of many New York families. Indeed, she is as much a part of a well regulated Christmas Eve on Manhattan as the "Christmas Carol" or "The Night Before Christmas." It was she, of course, who in September 1897 addressed to the *New York Sun* a letter which was answered in an editorial that the *Sun* has ever since wisely reprinted every December twenty-fourth.

Edward P. Mitchell was then the *Sun's* chief editorial writer. When he received Virginia's letter, he handed it over to his associate, Fran-

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THE NEW
INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY
Vol. XI July 12, 1947 No. 6

Andy Blake Expected To Survive Florida Vacation With Arab

"I still hope to survive," sighed Florida-vacationer Andy Blake, "in spite of my wife Arab."

It seems that Andy arrived in Florida with a foolish and impractical dream of lying under a coconut palm and sipping a cool drink. Four years of being married to the deceptively fragile-looking Arab should have taught him different. But it didn't.

"Yesterday we passed that deserted green houseboat hidden in a cove," Andy explained. "Arab claimed she saw a woman's face at the window. She said that investigation was called for."

Investigation was *not* called for, Andy told Arab firmly. So they investigated.

"So we found this girl with the red marks on her wrists and ankles, and the wild explanations she gave us were different every time. And—but you'll have to excuse me now, I think my wife has just made an appointment for us to get murdered."

Obviously Arab and Andy are up to their old tricks in their fifth adventure:

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cis P. Church, suggesting that he write an answer. Apparently, Mr. Church was none too pleased with the assignment. According to Mr. Mitchell's "Memoirs of an Editor," he "bristled and pooh-poohed at the subject but he took the letter and turned with an air of resignation to his

desk." He worked rapidly, little realizing that what he was writing was something which was to be reprinted more frequently than any other editorial in the history of journalism.

Unlike the good doctor who was Virginia's father, and unlike many other fathers when so questioned, Mr. Church did not duck the issue. His arguments against "the skepticism of a skeptical age" were simple and eloquent. He pointed out to Virginia that the trouble with her little friends was that they thought nothing could be which their little minds could not comprehend. All minds, he added, whether they be men's or children's, are little. "In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge."

Mr. Church's insistence was that Santa Claus existed as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist. "You might get your papa," he pointed out, "to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are things that neither children nor men can see."

It is much this same thing that "Miracle on 34th Street" says. Only it says it for the adult, and somehow manages to get it said as charming entertainment, without editorializing or surrendering to sentimentality.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS

This week's quiz is concerned with characters in literature who had to suffer unusual punishments. Can you name the story in which they appeared as well as the author who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. When a teacher discovers that a pupil has pickled limes hidden in her desk, he makes her throw them out the window two at a time.
2. Because a 10-year-old girl had retaliated when her cousin hit her with a book, her aunt locks her in the red-room, a depressing chamber in which her uncle had died.
3. Because a sailor shot an albatross, the superstitious crew makes him wear it around his neck as punishment for causing the ensuing calm.
4. Because a little boy had bitten his stepfather's hand, he is sent off to a school and made to wear a sign on his back: "Take care of him. He bites."
5. A little girl refuses to play the piano for her father (it being a Sunday) and is forced to sit on the piano stool until she faints.
6. For her cruel treatment of her stepdaughter, a queen is forced to don red-hot iron shoes and dance in them until she falls down dead.
7. Convicted of adultery, a young woman is condemned to stand in the pillory for three hours and to wear for the rest of her life a scarlet "A" embroidered upon her bodice.
8. Because he had lost his blue jacket with the brass buttons and both his shoes in Mr. McGregor's garden and had caught a cold besides, a little rabbit is put to bed with a dose of camomile tea while his well-behaved brothers had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.
9. As a punishment for failing to salute a tyrant's cap, an expert crossbowman is required to shoot an apple off his son's head at 100 yards.
10. For defying her father's orders, a maiden has to sleep on a mountain top surrounded by a circle of fire.

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A "Dilly" Gang

THE HELLER. By William E. Henning. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 294 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

JUST what impelled Mr. Henning to write "The Heller" is a query only he can answer. The reader cannot help but ponder the angle, the why's and wherefore's of the bouncing, hard-hitting band who romp through their paces in his pages. If these brats represent the youth of our nation, let us declare immediate and open warfare on the monkey gland and pray for life after forty.

It is not easy to break through the barriers of specialized slang, and it is entirely fair to resent the effort involved in the attempt. Mr. Henning's high school Midwestern boys and girls are a "dilly" gang with not even nursery school grammar. They refer to "ginks," "youse guys," "neat dumps," and continue to "pet" and "neck." This latter may have eternal aspects, but the phrase seems dated.

Anne Karlan is "the heller" herself. At seventeen she dates, drinks, and dreams of marriage with Fred, the mammoth football dunce. To her chargin, Fred is forced to marry her best friend, Betsey, who has inadvertently become pregnant by him. Anne leaves school; gets one odd job after another; finally marries one of her mother's boarders. Wedded life finds her slovenly, lazy, eager for "brawls," and lonely. Ultimately, her spirit is redeemed when she seeks out Betsey and brings some last-minute joy into that sad life. Perhaps a smitch wiser, Anne picks up her threads and resolves to be a better wife.

There is no real sophisticated sin in this. For all Anne's loose talk, she only manages a few childish escapades, though her friends seem entirely amoral. The dance hall leads to the parked car, to abundant promiscuity, and to a terrible commonness and vulgarity that has nothing to do with strata or morality. The question is not of behavior but of likability. Mr. Henning's creatures are entirely without charm. They kick; they bite; they scratch; they insult their parents, their teachers, and each other. Theirs is an entirely physical attitude.

Presumably these are backbone materials: grocery salesmen, small shopkeepers, ice cream clerks. In Mr. Henning's hands they lack reality and are not sufficiently grotesque for satire. They remain simply unpleasant and often dull.

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Nuggets from Washoe

MARK TWAIN IN NEVADA. By Effie Mona Mack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 398 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

MARK TWAIN'S own life is the best plot in whose making he ever took a hand. Not even Hollywood was able wholly to spoil it three or four years ago, with fabrications which Mark himself—a facile improviser upon the facts of his career—would surely have greeted with that purple language, edged with brimstone, for which he was famous. Autobiography lies at the core of his greatest books. Created with regressive genius, the finest are those built upon his boyhood, next best his recollections of a youthful river pilot, and in third place (challenged perhaps by that hybrid the "Connecticut Yankee") the memoirs of his young manhood in the West and on the Innocents' cruise. Volumes drawn from mature experience, like "A Tramp Abroad" and "Following the Equator," show a fast-breaking curve downward.

"Roughing It" comes from the middling stratum of quality. While falling short of "Huckleberry Finn's" supreme mastery, it ranks as a solid achievement, and one which the West still holds in particular affection. Effie Mona Mack, historian of Nevada and teacher in the Reno High School, reports that the average citizen in her state "reads it more often than he does the Bible." She herself often quotes and follows it too liberally in this book, but contrives to show its essential fidelity to truth by gathering many confirmatory facts from regional history, physical survivals, family papers and traditions, and newspaper files. Unluckily the great bonanza which all pious Twainians seek — seemingly as mythical as Whiteman's cement mine which excited young Clemens—is still missing and may be non-existent. This desideratum is an early file of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*, best newspaper of the diggings, wherein nuggets of Twainiana would be embedded, like those few now preserved only because extant papers copied them.

Nevertheless the yield of this book is fairly substantial, in further illustration of the story told seventy-five years ago by Mark Twain himself—of the overland trip and tenderfoot prospecting, vanities and heartbreaks, generosities and brutalities of a boom town in the Sierras, and the chain of circumstances whereby Clemens finally made his lucky strike in journalism. In Dr. Mack's book we learn more about the doings of elder brother Orion Clemens than Sam tells us, and more about real people thinly disguised in "Roughing It," like Tom Peaseley, the bully-boy, and Sandy Bowers, who struck it rich. These annotations are worth while, along with the gusto and appreciation with which Dr. Mack retells the story—although no historian can rival Mark's own account of early Washoe (as that stretch of Nevada was once called) nor that of his roommate Dan De Quille in "The Great Bonanza," describing Washoe at its peak just republished in the Western Americana series, edited by Robert G. Cleland and Oscar Lewis.

The general reader will draw pleasure from this book; the captious one will find it rambling and repetitious, and sometimes lacking in clear realization of the central character himself. How, for example, can the exposure of Mark's newspaper hoax "The Empire City Massacre" be described as his passage "through his own Gethsemane"—a term suggesting those ordeals of Mark Twain which (as we now see) were enacted chiefly in the minds of Freudian clinicians a generation ago? The phrase repeatedly used by Dr. Mack, "to see the elephant," is older than the Gold Rush, having a much wider application than she suspects in declaring that it meant "a fling at mining." In diaries of the Mexican War, for instance, it had a different meaning. Mark's bit of sadistic humor, "Those Blasted Children," in 1864, was surely not his first article to appear in an Eastern paper; following Franklin J. Meine's discovery many years ago, "The Dandy Frightening the Squatter" in the Boston *Carpet Bag* in 1852 has generally been conceded top priority. Sam Clemens's first license as a river-pilot is dated April 9, 1859 (not September, 1858), as reported from the original by George Brownell in *The Twainian* seven years ago; Mark Twain sailed for the Sandwich Islands in 1866, not 1865; was married in February, 1870, not January; and Albert B. Paine visited Nevada in 1907, not 1897.

A few months before starting west in 1861 Sam Clemens had written those sophomoric Quintus Curtius Snodgrass letters in the New Orleans press which Professor Leisy has lately found and published; he returned six years later, self-assured, articulate, ripened in wit and wisdom, well launched toward national fame under his pseudonym adopted out there. As this book indicates, in the making of Mark Twain, the Far West—and Washoe no less than San Francisco, Joe Goodman a good deal more than Bret Harte—deserves generous credit.

Dixon Wecter is literary editor of the Mark Twain Estate.

"Don't get excited, dear. I can explain why I'm not at work."

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Weary, Dreary Truth

THE MOONLIGHT. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 309 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

HARDLY anyone imagines when young that he might live to deprecate any novel astutely planned, as full as it can hold of good writing and wit and even humor, and conspicuously rich in adroit characterization. Nevertheless most of us come to it if we keep on growing; and for my part I come to it precisely at the moment of picking up "The Moonlight" or anything in its increasingly large general category. What category? Why, that of performances by very great and first-rate talents striving with might and main—in fact, giving their all—to produce very small and second-rate effects. The category of fiction that raises the general level of readers' requirements, expectations, and competence without giving the public any single thing that will make itself felt, or get itself remembered, or really nourish anybody. The category of the exquisite technique working at top efficiency in a vacuum. The category of all the arts of creating fruitful and valorous life, used to pick to pieces a few scraps of human sterility and cowardice. The poetic insight and honesty required to realize a "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" or an "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," dedicated to a lesson in psychoanalysis. The indubitable artist making a maximum demand on both his own ingenuity and the best reader's best attention in order to leave that reader at last in the position of saying: "Yes and to be sure, but—what is all this *for?*"

No one can briefly describe the pattern of anything so rarefied as "The Moonlight" without being guilty of some oversimplification—which is a fairly venial sin if confessed in advance. To clarify by oversimplifying, then: Mr. Cary records a critical passage in the life of a woman who has virtually no life of her own, because her existence consists of submissive echoes of other lives already lived. The woman, who goes under the name Amanda Groom, is a virgin of thirty-two, already lapsing, though naturally attractive and sprightly, into the mental posture of old maidhood. She has succumbed to general dowdiness, a tendency to stoop, and a bovine lassitude; above all, she has tacitly almost given up expecting or demanding much of anything for herself out of life.

And the other lives that in fragments and splinters relive themselves through her are chiefly those of three sisters, her elderly aunts, each in her own way a tyrant and spiritual vampire. Aunt Bessie married in early youth a pretentious scientific quack, James Groom, fled from his embrace in hysterical revulsion on her wedding night, and was coaxed back by the gently implacable insistence of her respectable family; she lived to bear him endless children, some of whom lived, and to make a fanatical lifelong religion of his unappreciated greatness, visible to few but her. Aunt Rose (who should have been the one to marry Groom) sacrificed her life to her spoiled father's domestic comfort and wreaked the tyranny of the self-admitted martyr on everybody else forever after to pay herself back for it. Aunt Ella, ostensibly meek, confused, helpless, and self-effacing, has actually a steel core of calculating purposiveness and a genius for devious expedients; under the appearance of tender sisterly devotion she fights by methods of sly sabotage a lifelong duel with the martyred Rose — a duel without a victor.

Ella and Rose live with Amanda in a country villa, and it is presently disclosed that Amanda is really the illegitimate daughter of Ella, brought up by the Grooms to conceal Ella's youthful aberration. The duel of Ella against Rose reaches its crisis when two men at once surprisingly woo Amanda. Ella does everything she can to push her daughter into the arms of Harry Dawbarn, a young farmer and truly slimy specimen; Rose, doing what she can do to thwart Ella's design, drives the girl toward an amusing but morally frail cousin, Robin Sant, a charming irresponsible who keeps undertaking to divorce his wife and marry Amanda, only to drift spinelessly back to his wife. One upshot among several is that, out of sheer inanition as much as anything, Amanda allows herself to be seduced by Dawbarn with her eyes wide open to what is happening and to what he is; she falls between her two stools of opportunity and is left to bear Dawbarn's child out of wedlock, as Aunt Ella had borne her.

It is all true enough as far as it goes. It is also dreary enough in a brilliant way, and it will perhaps be meat and drink to those who take dreariness as a measure of the value of truth. Others of us can perceive in so determined an exhibition of human automatism nothing but the weary art of a generation weary of living. It is perhaps defensible to be weary of living. It is also defensible to be more than a little weary of reading about this weariness.

Wilson Follett is an experienced free lance writer, critic, and novelist.

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The CITY of WOMEN

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French Fantasy

RUMOR IN THE FOREST. By Madeleine Couppey. Translated from the French by Marguerite Waldman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 152 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

THE rumor in the forest was freedom. And in Madeleine Couppey's gentle, well-wrought parable it was Muc, the deeply meditative rabbit, locked in his hutch on the village farm, who first divined it. Grey-Flight, a careless pigeon with a predilection for the domestic life of the farm, undertook to explore for Muc the unknown and enticing wilderness and when he returned it was with an excited message: forest life was reckless and magnificent. So, when night came, Grey-Flight contrived to set Muc free and, somewhat timidly, they set out on their fugitive journey.

Surprisingly, it is a moral journey that the author provides for them, and although they do not travel far in the physical sense—only to a cave within the forest—their reflection on the nature of their freedom carries them a long way from their starting point. Her animal creatures are provided with consciences and with clairvoyant abilities: they see truths that are denied the men they had hitherto served. Around her rabbit and pigeon, and two others, a cat filled with pride, and a dog filled with virile egotism, Miss Couppey creates her own mystical, luminous world; with lucid and often poetic language she seduces the reader into sharing it. The translator from the French, Marguerite Waldman, succeeds in eliminating from the work a feeling of reading translated prose.

The four creatures, hidden in their secret cave, at first share a life that is filled with warmth and companionship; they are safe so long as they stay out of reach of the hunters' snares and guns. But gradually they learn that their forest freedom is not all of the heart's desire. Grey-Flight and Siko report that the corn and the vine sing hymns of another kind of freedom, and it is Muc who formulates the doctrine. He succeeds in delivering it to his companions just before expiring from the wound provided by a hunter's gun. His words, ironically, exhort the others to be like the corn and the vine, to serve man, whom fate has appointed to be their immoderate and befuddled master. Love, service, self-sacrifice, are the truths of the universe.

Each turns the words of Muc in his own heart, struggles against them, and yet each makes the decision to return to man. Although it is man, the author seems to say, who has the least realization and appreciation of the universal sacrifice nature makes in his behalf. Every time a human enters the confines of her parable she deepens her irony and thrusts little shafts into him. Only children and the unfortunate old get her sympathy. It is adult man, avaricious and brutal, who provides the contrast with her gentle, or noble, animal creatures, and who suffers thereby.

This is a book far removed in subject matter and theme from recent French literary importations. Yet the mystical love for nature which permeates it stems from a long and rich French tradition. One has the feeling that it could have been written one or two hundred years ago, as well as now. There is nothing in it that makes it timely; the truths it tells have been told all through the centuries.

It is a strangely beautiful little book and a difficult one to classify. Perhaps it should be placed near "The Wind in the Willows" on the bookshelf, although it is not the same thing at all. "Rumor in the Forest" has its own curious charm, and under its spell Muc, Grey-Flight, Siko, and Rahu become real and quite philosophic beings to the reader.

Zany Kin

CHAMPAGNE FOR MOTHER. By Robert Westerby. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1947. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

THIS book gets better as it goes along. Describing the antics and tragedies of three English brothers and their two sisters, it reaches a hilarious peak, I think, in the chronicle of Mr. Bertrand, whose conviction that telephone bills were based on the number of words in each conversation prompted him to this sort of performance on the telephone:

> Not possible see you today [he would bark into the mouthpiece.] Busy. Come Wednesday. Impossible talk now. Lunching. Bertrand.

Mr. Bertrand it was who, dying, told his solicitous brother that he would like a piece of ham, and he is accompanied, in his contribution to Mr. Westerby's hilarity, by several equally funny, equally well-drawn characters. I shall not quickly forget poor Mr. Nash, victim of the cruelty unique in children; nor Miss Tapscott, who knew nothing about dancing but thought she would have a try at teaching it; nor Mr. Fenton, the childish tutor driven away by practical jokes; nor the dog, Kitchener, whose disappearance on a train started the rumor of the death of the Field Marshal; nor Grandfather, who reminisced loudly in a restaurant as a female patron passed his table: "Good God, that was a gel I seduced in Cape Town. . . . I say, I must have a word with *her*." It is too bad that Grandfather, who is meant to be his author's best job, turns out to be his least original one. But Grandfather, whose behavior is funny in spite of his familiarity, is a fine blot on the escutcheon.

Mr. Westerby has made most of the characters who darted through his youth worthy of our careful attention and our laughter. He writes unpretentiously, and has a fine talent for flashing a picture, a vividly amusing picture, before our eyes.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WIDOWS OUGHT TO WEEP *D. B. Olsen* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Murders of thrice-wed Midwestern inventor and cousin introduce erudite janitor and interurban conductor pal to ranks of energetic amateur sleuths.	Wrangling wives, scared girl, prowling yellow-eyed monster, irritated cops, and sundry fantastic props keep yarn rolling rapidly in all directions.	Sound and fury, etc.
THE VOICE OF THE HOUSE *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.)	Stormswept Insp. Finch barges into centuries-old Lorne Abbey, for which assorted heirs battle, and where Fitch solves three adroit homicides.	Rightful and wrongful Melafaunts, including departed "witch-wife," gyre and gimble through spooky halls, with Finch & Co. outsmarting vindictive slayer.	Gorgeous Gothic

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Songs and Shouts

FLESH OF THE FURIES. By Minna Gellert. FOOTNOTE TO THE FUTURE. By Lucy Kent. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1947. 60 *pp.* $2.50.

A WHIP FOR TIME. By Elizabeth Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 28 *pp.* $2.

NO SEASON WAITS. By Leila Jones. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1947. 51 *pp.* $2.50.

LOOK TO THE SUN. By Weston McDaniel. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1947. 63 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

"FLESH of the Furies" and "Footnote to the Future" are truly "Siamese." The book cleverly maintains the individuality for each author is separately identified, having an individual cover and title page. Poets have joined together in publication before, notably Wordsworth and Coleridge, Howells and Piat, John Wheelock and Van Wyck Brooks. Minna Gellert and Lucy Kent have more in common than the pages of this book—there is a striking similarity in subject matter, technique, and attitude. Both poets have a curious mixture of Blake and Swedenborg and at their best rise to high realms of the imagination and at their weakest become a Dali-esque landscape. There is nothing obvious, or stenciled in their poems; in fact, the principal fault of the poets is a deliberate obtuseness without sufficient clues to meaning. Miss Gellert reveals her originality in "Dirge for a Hero."

> There was panther blood on his whip. He hungered for space
> And fell from a wall of mountains, caught under the panther's paw.

Lucy Kent has more visual images than her comrade in verse. In "Still Life" she begins

> Four lemons fill a cobalt dish;
> Their bold geometry destroys
> Philosophies of sentiment,
> Their yellow is distinctly noise.

Miss Kent's virtues and faults are integral to her ideas but the faults fade when we encounter an objective poem of the quality of "Calla Lily" which

> breaks the edge of light
> in sequence of white

Canadian poets continue to gain in stature with the appearance of "A Whip for Time" by Elizabeth Harrison, an English-born artist. Mrs. Harrison's poems reflect a woman's point of view in wartime. Her poems are intensely personal but never private. Her vocabulary is original, although at times prosy and adjectival. Her gift of observation is shown in such poems as "Canadian-Built":

> The ship lies at her moorings in the harbour
> Like a white sea-bird caught between the colliers,

The book is over laden with war poems, and one wishes to encounter more sonnets such as "Canadian Spring," or tight-rhymed lyrics with the imagistic power of "The Swallows":

> Hark! Like a great sigh heaved
> The birds flew out.
> Thousands of wings whose whirring
> Was a shout
> Flung into silence.

Leila Jones is a quiet lyricist who never writes a poor poem, and sometimes achieves her goal in a highly gratifying lyric. Her poem of "The Mouse that Ate the Pansy Seed" is a conceit of bright fancy and gentle humor. She is at times the philosopher. "Before the Cross Came Man," portrays the symbol:

> Before the cross was raised on high
> Came man, breathing but unaware
> His body's shape would testify
> Death be a paltry thing to bear.

Miss Jones uses some of the worn devices of poetic tradition and is too content with the easy phrases of poetic diction, but she frequently rises above the blemishes with the reach of her ideas, and the sustained music of her verses.

Weston McDaniel has the excitement and indignation of a poet, but he lacks the discipline of craft and variety of statement that belong to the artist. Alfred Kreymborg states in his foreword, Weston McDaniel is "an imagist," and that is a fair statement, but I cannot accept his belief that McDaniel is successful in raising "folklore and balladry to cadenced rhythm and harmonies." The book has many striking and original metaphors but statement is not poetry, nor is verbal violence a substitute for the interlinear eloquence that belongs to genuine poetic emotions. Mr. McDaniel shouts too loud to be heard clearly, but I believe he could sing if he tried.

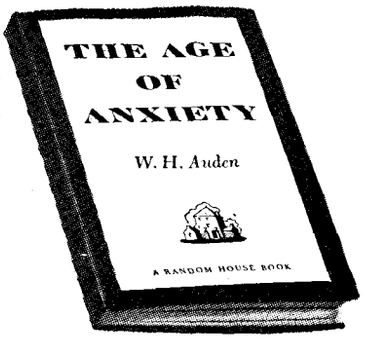
LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. 2. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 3. "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 4. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 5. "Elsie Dinsmore," by Martha Finley. 6. "Snow White," by Grimm. 7. "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 8. "Peter Rabbit," by Beatrix Potter. 9. "William Tell," by Schiller. 10. "Siegfried," by Wagner.

A baroque eclogue by

W. H. Auden

THE AGE OF ANXIETY



➡ The setting of this new work is a bar on Third Avenue, New York City, later an apartment on the West Side; the time, an All-Soul's Night during the late war. The characters are a woman and three men, two in uniform. $2.50

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MEETING OF EAST AND WEST: ACT I

(*Continued from page 9*)

brothers as soon as the news gets around.

Alexander did not dig down so deep. He could have if he had wanted to; he had been educated by Aristotle and presumably got the best that Aristotle had to offer, but none of it stuck except an interest in science—unfortunately without an adequate scientific method, which was still unknown. Politically Aristotle influenced him, if at all, only in reverse; in that field Alexander saw more by instinct than Aristotle ever dreamed of. Where did he get his ideas? The basic one, says Plutarch—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—came from an Egyptian named Psammon; but there must have been something there already for Psammon to work on. Perhaps Alexander was merely one of those rare individuals who can draw conclusions from what they see, without being unduly biased by preconceptions. He had found that the Asiatics were not merely good fighters but that some of them were men you could trust—at least as far as you could trust any Greek of that day, or some Macedonians. "Experience," says Robinson, "had apparently convinced him of the sameness of all people"; though it required an unusual mind to take that in, then even more than now. He had enlisted Asiatic troops in his army because he needed them; for the same reason—there being then as always a shortage of adequately trained administrators—he left some Persian satraps on their job, though usually with Macedonians to watch them. He had founded cities on his travels, seventy of them—cities often Greek in organization and partly Greek or Macedonian in population, which were to be centers of Greek culture; to that extent he preferred what he had grown up with.

BUT HE knew that Asia could make a contribution too; and he symbolized the fusion he intended by one of his great propaganda gestures—the mass marriage, on his return from India, when he and his generals took Asiatic wives, and validated the informal unions which some thousands of his soldiers had contracted with local girls who had worn well. And the point was emphasized later, when Medes and Persians were present at the great reconciliation dinner after the mutiny of the Macedonian troops; when Alexander said that God had given him a mission to reconcile and harmonize the world, and "prayed for unity and concord in a joint commonwealth where all people were to be partners rather than subjects"—of anybody but Alexander. A man's fatherland, hereafter, was to be the Oikoumene, the inhabited earth.

And all done without benefit of an understanding of the epistemic correlations. No wonder that a good deal of it did not survive his death. But if Northrop may serve as criticism of Alexander, so may Alexander as criticism of Northrop.

* * *

WHAT did endure was tremendous. The Hellenization of the Near East—superficial perhaps, but a good deal of Greek thinking and Greek culture did trickle down; the increased Orientalization of Mediterranean Europe, which since the days of Iona—perhaps of Crete—had been influenced by Oriental ideas but had never realized it. A great mass emigration of Greeks from a country whose future was behind it to romantic regions where the money was, or at least might be. The rise of a new type of city, the international megalopolis, with Alexandria in Egypt as its supreme example. And above all the creation of an intellectual and spiritual climate in which Stoicism could be born, and eventually Christianity—with the freedom of physical movement that could spread it, and the common speech, known to all educated men from Mesopotamia to Scotland, in which the story could be told.

The effect on the West was profound and enduring; much less so on the East. In India, it was gone as soon as Alexander was gone; though the Bactrian Greek colonists, centuries later, briefly restored it. The Parthian incursion drowned it in Iran, and such coating of Hellenism as the Parthian kings assumed was washed out in the Neo-Persian revival. But in Syria and Egypt the effect lasted till the Arab explosion, a thousand years after Alexander; and in Asia Minor till the coming of the Turks. And of course there were residues everywhere besides the great and obvious one—the taking over of Greek science and philosophy into Arab thought. Still, in this first meeting of East and West the fusion failed in the long run; and left the West far more Orientalized than the East was Hellenized.

Because Alexander did not make sure of his ontology and epistemology before he started out? Geography suggests another reason. When Northrop talks about the East he means the real East—India, which Alexander no more than penetrated, and China which he may never even have heard of. The East in which the Hellenistic culture endured for a thousand years was the Near East, which had had

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fairly constant interchanges with Greece for centuries; Alexander's conquest was immensely different in scale and somewhat in character, but it was nothing wholly new. The Near East was not dominated, then much more than now, by the esthetic component of reality; the postulated theoretical component was being studied in Babylon long before the West ever heard of it; indeed it was probably ideas trickling down from Babylon that first set the Greeks in Ionia to thinking. Nor was there, in the East where Hellenism had long life, any material difference in the color of skins. All in all it was a much less eastern East than Northrop means.

ANOTHER difference, and perhaps the decisive one. Northrop, holding that every religion and philosophy had some of the truth but that none of them has it all, thinks he has discovered a formula that will synthesize all philosophy, culture, science, and art, and will lay the only sure foundation for world government. Maybe he has; but acceptance of the formula would require Catholics, Communists, and Moslems to admit that their dogmas are only tentative and fallible; something which Northrop recognizes is not going to happen next week. Alexander seldom ran into such dogmatisms. In the Near East there was only one, and the Jews of Jerusalem were a trivial tribe requiring little notice from the King of the World. The Jews of the Diaspora were more open-minded; and so, in that day, were the Zoroastrians. No considerable group with whom Alexander dealt felt that it had found the final formula for salvation—except some men in India.

For his experience with them there is a contemporary authority, even if not the best one; and it is clear that Alexander found them pretty tough. Indian sages, soaked in what Northrop calls the undifferentiated esthetic continuum, thought they had all they needed. They listened politely when the Greeks tried to tell them about Socrates and Pythagoras; but their comment, in so far as it could be understood through a chain of interpreters, was that these seemed to be good men in a minor league. Alexander's position was hopeless, thinks Robinson, in the presence of religious as well as mass hostility—hopeless not in the military sense of course, but for the realization of his major objective: the establishment of the concord and brotherhood of all men, based on the theory that West as well as East had something to contribute.

It would probably have been as hopeless anywhere else, where men were as certain of the correctness of their own opinions. It was Alexander's luck that he lived before such exclusive convictions were widely prevalent; this, as much as anything, may account for his considerable measure of success. Nor is it any accident that his fusion was far more influential on Europe, which in those days was more open-minded than even the nearer East. As a consequence of what Alexander did, the West eventually acquired strong convictions; there came a time when another western army went East, operating on the simple theory that "Christians are right, pagans are wrong." Great numbers of westerners have strong and exclusive convictions still — and violently contradictory convictions; which accounts for the skepticism, not to say the pessimism, with which some of us view the prospect of establishing any high degree of concord and brotherhood among the human race at this time. Stalin has implied, to Stassen and others, that on some points Karl Marx could have been wrong; but not till Stalin and his colleagues act as if Marx could have been wrong can we take too much comfort out of that.

In the meantime, watch and pray.

Here Comes the Sun

By Hugh Chisholm

HERE comes the sun
In proportion to the sky,
And can we see it
In proportion to ourselves?
Any more than to say
The sun is up or down
Or golden and warm and spinning
And prodigal with green?
Can we imagine
The sun as the sun?

Our sun is always sunshine
Coming or going,
Always the interlocutor
For time and the weather,
And never the sun of itself,
The sun in the sun
Behind a beautiful day
For the sighting of targets,
Behind the red rain
And the strategies of defeat.

There goes the sun,
The color of an element,
And were we but prepared
To understand the fire
As more than merely fire
Fed by blood,
To comprehend flame
In terms of water,
There would be no one
To rant at the rain.

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MR. HEARST

(*Continued from page 17*)

state of crisis. Through the country teachers have been leaving the schools by the thousands because of inadequate pay and unsatisfactory working conditions. Superior teaching has to be paid for, and in a democracy nothing is more worth paying for. The influence of such teachers, next to that of superior parents, is the most constructive of all adult influences upon the mind of youth. Modern schools, in extending their activities beyond the teaching of "the three r's," have opened up vistas of their tremendous possibilities as general cultural institutions. And the libraries, which yearly become more ingenious and imaginative in cooperating with schools and parents, are not far behind; while the modern institutionalized church is learning how to integrate religion with life in such fashion as greatly to increase its impact upon the cultural quality of its members.

7. Parent and adult education, as yet in its infancy despite its adult orientation, is a logical extension of the free schooling necessary to a democracy. The problems of parenthood and of adulthood in general, which are as complex and difficult as those of childhood, have too long gone by default so far as organized analysis and instruction are concerned. It is gratifying to note that such education is everywhere on the increase and to look forward to the time when grown-ups will be too busy being good parents and intelligent adults to have time left over for setting bad examples for their children. The banality of much not to say the viciousness of some adult behavior is surely one of the most depressive influences upon the mind and morale of their offspring, and it will be a fine day for children when their elders become worthy of their companionship.

These are illustrations of what the committee means by positive as contrasted to negative methods in dealing with objectionable manifestations in literature and the other arts. We believe that the positive alternative is no mere word or theory but rather a challenging reality capable of so attracting and absorbing the leisure of all those who will accept the challenge that they will have no interest or energies left over for the reading or disseminating of "dirty books."

J. B. Harrison
Mrs. A. M. Walrath
Rev. Allan Lorimer
Harry C. Bauer
John Richards
George Savage, Chairman

E. M. FORSTER is one of the unhurried authors of our age. He has taken his time about his writing, and his reputation has grown at a pace no less leisurely than his own. Whether or not this reputation is by now unduly inflated is a large question, too large for this department; but it may be suggested that some critics have mistaken Mr. Forster's remarkably smooth writing for writing of an even superior kind, and that they have tried to make his novels bear a weight of meaning for which, probably, they were not originally designed. Here, however, we are concerned only with his short stories, which were originally gathered in "The Celestial Omnibus" (1923) and "The Eternal Moment" (1928), and which are now available in "The Collected Tales of E. M. Forster" (Knopf, $2.75).

The author calls these stories fantasies, and all but one deserve the name. They are fantastic, imaginative responses to the business of living, and, taken in the lump, they will give the thoughtful reader a pretty clear idea of what Mr. Forster's attitude towards that business is; or what it was when he wrote these tales "at various dates previous to the First World War."

They are, almost without exception, little stories of revolt and escape. Eustace's flight, in "The Story of a Panic," is only the most spectacular of the lot. The curate, of "The Curate's Friend," is liberated by his meeting with a faun, although he never dares confess his liberation. Miss Beaumont ("Other Kingdom") escapes into her copse of beeches, to elude forever her philistine lover. The boy of "The Celestial Omnibus" escapes from Surbiton into the heavens of literature. The narrator of "The Other Side of the Hedge" escapes from the routine of "the road," to find a fairer, greener land. In "The Machine Stops," Kuno defies the Machine, and achieves freedom in death. "The Point of It" tells how one young man escaped from life's sorry compromises, and how another was not spared. Mr. Lucas, in "The Road from Colonus," has his moment of vision when he stands in the hollow tree, but he is not strong enough to follow the gleam. Miss Raby ("The Eternal Moment") is a far stronger character than Mr. Lucas, but the world is too much for her also. As for the young man and the girl who saw the Siren, in "The Story of the Siren," their very act of seeing separated them from humanity by an impassable gulf.

And what were all these characters of Mr. Forster's revolting against, attempting to escape? Simply, the kind of life into which the author himself was born. They were seeking to escape from conventions, the correct thing, stuffiness, gentility, ritual, philistinism, "cricket," good form, smug superiority, ignorant complacency: in short, from the civilization which reached its perfect flowering in England just before the First World War.

That smug, tight little world has been swept away, and some of the young men who found themselves cribbed and irked by it have already grown old enough to look back at it with sentimental affection. So, with the year, Mr. Forster's tales have acquired a new, nostalgic quality. It is pleasant to read them all again, knowing that none of them could possibly be called great, but that in their various degrees of excellence (from "Mr. Andrews" up to "The Road from Colonus" and "The Eternal Moment") each of them speaks for a writer who was an expert workman even when he sat down to tell his first story at Ravello, so many years ago.

"Sixteen Famous European Plays," compiled by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell, with an introduction by John Anderson (Modern Library Giant, $1.95), gives full value with works dating from 1884 to 1938, by Ibsen, Hauptmann, Chekov, Gorky, Ansky, Rostand, Jacques Deval, Giraudoux, Martinez Sierra, Pirandello, Schnitzler, Karel Capek, Molnar, Vicki Baum, Synge, and Paul Vincent Carroll. . . . Robert N. Linscott has included twenty-five tales in "The Best Stories of Bret Harte" (Modern Library, $1.25), and has argued with editorial good sense that Harte is "famous for the wrong stories." . . . We miss Bob Benchley's own laugh, but we can still laugh with him in "My Ten Years in a Quandary," perfectly illustrated by Gluyas Williams (Pocket, 25¢). . . . F. L. Green's "Odd Man Out" (Pocket, 25¢) gets off to a fine start, and has more substantial characters than most man-hunt stories, but the author bogs down in his efforts to sustain suspense beyond reasonable limits.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BLITZSTEIN, SYMPHONY: "THE AIRBORNE". N. Y. City Symph. Bernstein. RCA Victor Chorale; C. Holland, W. Scheff; Robt. Shaw, narrator. Victor M 1117 (7) $7.85	An astonishing recording—fine use of contrasting liveness for solos, orch. chorus, narrator. Without this there would be jumble and confusion, given such a complex production.	A to B+	(*See below*) Its drama and sincerity make it palatable for those who usually dislike this type spectacle. A consistent, reasonably contemporary musical style, good blend popular and "serious" elements.
SCHUBERT, SYMPHONY #9 IN C. New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia M 679 (6) $7	Technical problems in this explosive music beautifully solved. Gratifying tonal range, liveness.	A	An absolutely tops performance of this great work. Feeling of extraordinary unity that comes from inspired conducting, playing.
COPLAND, DANZON CUBANO (2 pianos), 1942. Leo Smit, Aaron Copland. Concert Hall Society, AL (1 *plastic*) $2.63	This comes off best of any C. Hall piano so far. Rich, full. Excellent surfaces.	AA (plastic)	A dynamic, percussive, chatty bit, based on Cuban tunes ingeniously rebuilt. Fine 2-piano style, wonderful rhythm.
BACH, BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS #2, #5. Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky. Victor M 1118 (4) $4.85	Brilliant very live recording—helps give symphonic impression to this small group. Fine solo-*tutti* balance, esp. with solo "Bach" trumpet in 2nd.	A—	Tanglewood Bach series continues. Brilliant, symphonic, Beethoven-like approach in spite of proper small orchestra. Piano instead of harpsichord. Best versions to date.

AIRBORNE

THE recording of "The Airborne" (above) projects the most powerful blast of pure drama so far to have emerged through the recorded medium. In the face of it I see no reason to quibble over musical values! Rather, admire the technical feat and congratulate the performers and crew.

"The Airborne," like most high colored drama, runs perilously close to the banal. From the shaky ballads of the history of flight to the almost horrifying cry of "warning!" on the last side, its effectiveness hinges on performance, on the unlikely amalgam of a thousand lucky elements into the impossibly perfect, the convincing portrayal. Through some miracle this recording does it. By all the arguments of reason, by every sober indication of written text and score it should abound in obviousness, anticlimax, mawkishness; yet heard from beginning to end, it does not. The drama carries through and carries the flotsam and jetsam along with it. Heard separately many of the numbers are ripe corn. Played together, the corn is gone and even a hardened critic may rub his eyes or ears.

Hence the temptation to put aside the labored critical faculty, forget the analysis, and enjoy the show. For this was a sincere production of great complexity and perfect execution, a combined effort of orchestra, soloists, male chorus, narrator and recording engineers that breathes cooperation and faith. Why ask for more from this commercialized age? True, this being a kind of youth festival, the performance (and the work) has the naïveté of youth. It is full to overflowing with youthful earnestness, energy, and oversimplification. It is open everywhere to the reasonable criticisms of maturity. But again, why bother?

Take this work for what it is, and what it may foreshadow. Take it as the honest idealism, the fears, of youth. Take it as unabashed drayma. Take it as music not great but surely higher in the absolute scale than most current musico-dramatics.

And take "The Airborne," too, as a technical milestone at least, as a fine indication that sooner or later —given means like this—we can expect real Beethovens or Mozarts for this new medium derived from radio and film, that is so utterly dependent on the microphone and the amplifier, so uneasy in the concert hall, so at home in your own loudspeaker.

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GYPSY FREEDOM

IN a biography of Andrew Lang, published recently in England, there is a quotation from one of his poems called "Pen and Ink." It seems that there is a tradition in the family that the Langs had gypsy ancestors. Andrew Lang who searched through the folklore of almost every nation in quest of his fairy tales inquires, rather plaintively:

Why lay your gypsy freedom down
And doom your child to pen and ink?

If he were alive today and could look over the books for boys and girls one wonders if he would not think of them as an incentive to gypsy freedom. During the years of the Second World War most American children were restricted to their own "back yards," and yet through stories and picture books, through authentic records made by travelers they learned a great deal about far countries that they will see some day for themselves. They learned, too, from the boys and girls who came here for security during the war. Anyone who has traveled for pure pleasure knows that good books are the best possible prelude to adventure. Through books the mind can travel far. It can store up an impression of a harbor, a street, a bridge, a mountain, a group of native people that, when it is actually seen, takes on new color and significance. Knowing the children's books of today Andrew Lang would probably say that pen and ink does not doom them. It stimulates and enriches their gypsy freedom.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

TURKEY: OLD AND NEW. By Selma Ekrem. Map by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 186 *pp.* $2.75.

SELMA EKREM'S "Unveiled" has made a deep impression upon the young people of America. This book has an equal value. It is the story of her country, written with a tolerance, a knowledge, and an enthusiasm that make it fascinating reading. There is, quite literally, not a dull page in it. All through the story she balances the old Ottoman Empire against the new Turkish Republic, proclaimed on October 29, 1923. She shows how the old faith, the old culture still survive under the vigorous reforms that were begun under Kemal Ataturk. Her style is direct, almost personal, and there is often beauty and significance in her phrasing. Contrasting the old and the new in one chapter she says:

> The gateway of the old fort is guarded by two crouching lions carved out of granite many thousands of years ago, probably by the Hittites whose empire was full of vigor and majesty long before the Turks came to Asia Minor. The secret of the past is sealed in their half-closed eyes. Once the top of the old fortress is reached, one can see the new Ankara spread below with its modern buildings, its young trees and its hundreds of lights burning brightly at night.

In her story of the adoption of universal education and the Latin alphabet she tells, too, of the old folktales told her by her nurse and one or two of the highly amusing "Hodja" tales that were translated for American boys and girls a few years ago in a delightful book by Alice Kelsey called "Once the Hodja." Her last chapter is based on Kemal Ataturk's plea: "Give us ten years of peace and see what we can accomplish."

The book is a handsome one, illustrated with very beautiful photographs so enticing that one longs to explore the originals. There are an index and end-papers and cover-jacket designed by Raymond Lufkin.

THE LION OF BARBARY. By Eleanor Hoffman. Illustrated by Jack Coggins. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 217 *pp.* $2.

WHEN John Collin's friend, little Mary Coe, was captured by Barbary pirates and made a slave in the harem of Mulai Ismael —the most feared of all the sultans— John could not rest until he had started out on the long journey to rescue her. The son of pious and narrow Puritans, John found himself in a strange medley of people, many of whom he learned to call his friends: Negroes, Arabs, Jews, Franciscan monks, French fops, and Italian merchants. Travel was dangerous in those days and John found color and great variety as well as danger. Using every means possible to reach his goal, he went as a valet to a French duke, worked as a stevedore for his passage from Cadiz, and eventually reached Morocco through the kindness of a Genoese sea captain. He learned the ways of the Arabs and even to speak their language before he sought the Lion of Barbary and the object of his quest.

To make a tale with this strange and exciting setting seem truly convincing more attention should be given to detail and greater care to the development of character. This story is not particularly convincing, but it does give a fascinating glimpse of Morocco in the days of the Barbary pirates. It may well whet the appetite for more good books of this period. RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

AUSTRALIA CALLING. By Margaret L. Macpherson. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS starts off like an old-fashioned travel-story book, in which a strange land is seen through the eyes of an American brother and sister, but the similarity ends there. The old type was often deadly dull. This is full of vitality and humor. At first Janie and Jed felt that it was a disadvantage to have "ultra-modern" parents who sent their children off to live with strangers for three whole months, so that they could learn to live with other people as well as learn how other people live. But the minute the long journey began they found interest and excitement everywhere. Everywhere they met friendliness. They were delighted when they found that the friend of their father's with whom they were to stay was one of Australia's Flying Doctors. With him or through his influence they met many jolly and interesting people, they saw the desert and the mountains, the life at the stations, the strange birds and beasts, the more sophisticated gaiety of Melbourne and Sydney.

The morals that are impressed upon Janie and Jed during their Australian adventure are completely obvious; but the whole book is so lighthearted, the country is presented with such enthusiasm and shown in such variety that there is never a dull moment. The book is informing and amusing.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL: 1947. New York: The Grolier Society. 1947. 456 *pp.* $7.50.

The Grolier Society has devoted the Annual this year to the theme "The

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—From "A Picture Book of Palestine."

People of the World in Their Homes" during the first year of world peace. It shows in text and photographs the men and the women and children all over the world; their clothes, their food, their industry, their development in the sciences and arts. It is a clear, well-balanced record that should be in the hands of families everywhere who can speak and read English. It is indexed, and there are blueprints of a model house that can be made out of easily available materials.

ANNA AND MARYKE: Holidays in Holland. By Alice Fabrés. Pictures by Oscar Fabrés. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1947. 95 *pp.* $2.

Anna and Maryke are two little sisters who live in the northern part of Holland. They go to visit their aunt and uncle on a farm, they are taken to a country fair where a monkey steals Maryke's new hat and tears it into bits. An amusing story with many expressive drawings, printed in black and pale blue on a large page.

THE LITTLE HISTORY OF THE WIDE WORLD. By Mable Pyne. Illustrations by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. *No paging.* $2.50.

In a large book with many small pictures in color and map end-papers the author-artist tells the story of the development of man, from the evolution of the earth to today. Characteristics and costumes of the people of the various countries are shown and historical events that affected the progress of the human race given in both words and drawings. The age-range for this book is probably very wide. It is easy to imagine very young children enjoying the pictures, and to feel that it has a great deal to say to older children and even to adults.

ALL ABOUT US. By Eva Knox Evans. Illustrated by Vana Earle. New York: Capitol Publishing Co. 1947. 95 *pp.* $2.

This is the story of the races that make up mankind, of their differences and their common inheritance. The style is informal, with the frequent use of idiom—even of slang. The object is to break down race prejudice. It makes no attempt to be scientific and is easily understood by even little children. The type is large and there are many drawings in black and white.

A PICTURE BOOK OF PALESTINE. By Ethel L. Smither. Illustrated by Ruth King. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1947. 64 *pp.* $1.

A series of very effective black and white drawings and a simple, informing text tells the story of Palestine in Bible times. It shows the people —what they wore, what they ate, what they grew in their fields, the fishing and the shepherds and the olive orchards and the vineyards. The beauty of the drawings and the quiet, serene atmosphere of the story make it a timely book for children, and even for their elders.

THE GOLDEN STALLION. By Theodore J. Waldeck. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 199 *pp.* $2.

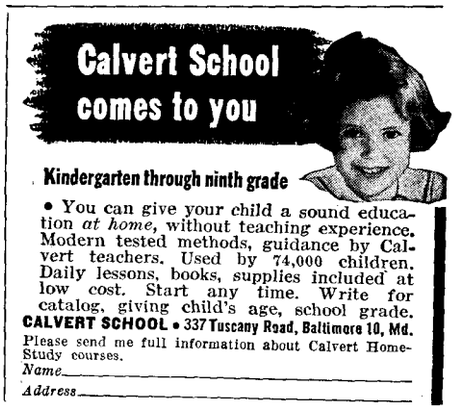
Setting his story for the first time in North America, Theodore Waldeck gives an excellent picture of a ranch in the Far West. It is the story of a wild horse that is captured and given to the son of the owners of the ranch. Bob calls the horse Golden Blaze and together they go through some exciting experiences. The personality of Golden Blaze—if it can be said that a horse has personality—is especially convincing. In the end, Bob sets him free to join the herd.

GALAPAGOS BOUND. By Felix Riesenberg, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 161 *pp.* $2.25.

An exciting adventure story of the tuna-fishing fleet in the waters around the Galapagos Islands. The hero, young Bob Nelson, and Captain Hull pit their wits against a gang of opium smugglers who are out to use the big tuna ships for their illegal trade. For older boys and for grown-ups who like to read an occasional "thriller."

ANNA AND THE KING. By Margaret Landon. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

The movie of "Anna and the King of Siam" has strengthened the appeal of this book, which was already strong. This is a shorter version of the story of a girl of Victorian England who went to Siam as governess to the king's children. It is condensed, but not changed. The format and illustrations are attractive.



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the Phoenix Nest

CARMEL

LUSTY, boastful, thundering, the staggering sea
Crashes upon the edges of Carmel,
Sprawls past beach and boulders; then violently
It tears and tortures old and silent hills.
Cypresses moan, mad winds whistle off-key.
The waves leap high on rocks to crest their dome
Then leap again in drunken ecstasy
And swing upon the sand in bubbling foam.
In the blue night, the placid hills' soft breasts
Cuddle the sleeping, breathing things they hold,
Await the moon who snares the drunken beast
And draws it back into its cradled mold.

Silent the hills, silent the stars, and still
The darkened home against the darkened hill.

ANNAHRAE WHITE.

I am glad to print the above tribute to a spot on the California coast which, in my youth, I loved as much as I now love its opposite number on the Atlantic at Cape Ann. "The sea is everywhere the sea"!

* * *

From 76 Liverpool Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, comes the following:

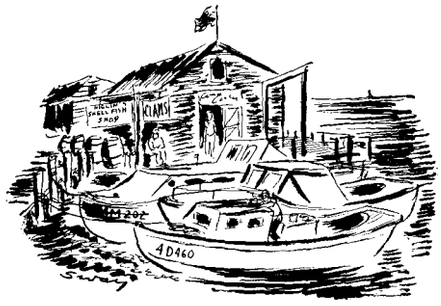
> The Old Mandarin's good old English word (XXX/20) interested me to the point where I visited a bookshelf. My investigation was far from exhaustive and, indeed, embraced little beyond the N.E.D. and a few standard collections of ballads, but I did find the following note in Dr. F. B. Gummere's selection of "Old English Ballads," Athenaeum Press Series (Boston, Ginn & Co., 1894) p. 348-9:
>
> > Professor Kittredge very plausibly suggests that this unintelligible *mid-larf* is really the corrupted name of some town. Thus "Usher's Well" B, 4 (Child, III, 239) says of a similar situation:
> >
> > O the youngcock crew: the merry Linkem,
> > And the wild fowl chirp'd for day.
>
> So here (a = in): "the cocks are crowing in merry ——.
>
> The N.E.D. contains, I believe, the word "midler," (middler) which has as one of its meaning, roughly that of intermediary agent," but this word, however tempting its meaning, could (?) only with difficulty be related to *midlarf*. And, to one whose knowledge of philosophy is very limited, it appears that if *midlarf* is related to *middangearde*, it must have a criminal history.
>
> If all that I have heard and read about the late, and great, Professor Kittredge is true, then our juggling with *midlarf* might well begin with his "plausible" suggestion.
>
> And as for *merry*—why—God rest you merry, Gentlemen!

L. W. COLLINS.

AUNT LUCY

Great-aunt Lucy was a pious soul
Who shrieked in horror at birth control.
She would have pooh-poohed vitamin B
But she prayed at night for the heathen Chinee.
She began her meals with a fervent grace
And niggers she liked if they kept their place.
She vowed that whiskey was a monstrous sin
And she had no use for artistic men.
She said hard work would never kill
And sexy books were the devil's swill.
She declared that women in a family way
Should stay indoors both night and day.
It wasn't ladylike for women to vote,
Ride astride, or paddle a boat.
The good Lord gave us fevers and chills
To test the strength of our Christian wills.

The day we put her under the sod,
No one said, "She was quite a card."
And I'll bet that yonder up in heaven
She's up before eight, in bed by eleven.
I know she's found what she likes best
In that indolent, ethereal rest.



But though we have tucked her underground,
I see that her ghost is back in town.
I've watched it at the picture show
And heard it on the radio.
I'm shocked that people who seem so virile
Are led this way by that ghostly old gir-rul!
For all about me, on every hand,
I see Aunt Lucy stalking the land!

T. G. STEM, JR.

* * *

This from Muskegon, Michigan:

Eugene B. Vest writes in your column of May 24 pleading the cause of the three bears and of Southey as their originator.

Is there anything to support the idea that the bear story was actually written by Southey? It would be more accurate to say that he was the first to put it into print: in his pet work, "The Doctor," he tells of a "little, old woman" who breaks into a cottage in the woods, eats porridge, sits in chairs and crowns her vandalism by crawling into one of three beds. The bears return to find her "ugly, dirty head" on the pillow. The story ends:

> Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning.
>
> Out the little old woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the Constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

The above hardly seems to justify Mr. Vest's assertion that Southey's "Three Bears" is a "wonderful children's story." I would rather say that Southey's is merely a cynical version of an anonymously authored juvenile.

ROBERT L. PARSLOW.

* * *

"M. B.", of Harrisburg, Pa., writes:

A bet is on your name—Benét.
I say that it's pronounced that way—
E—accent aigue—to me
Will always be . . . accent aigue.

The other—on this heavy bet—
Says Benet rhymes with wet or set.
A buck is up (buck shad next May)
I get it if you rhyme with gay.

Ben-nay is right. I thought you knew that accent is pronounced ay-gew!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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YOUNG ENGLISH POET would appreciate correspondence with cultured young lady of Oriental background, preferably musical. Box 55-W.

WOMAN, mature, youthful, refined, fond of reading, country living, seeks correspondence gentleman of integrity and discernment. Box 111-W.

CULTURED MAN, varied interests, desires correspondence with refined woman. Box 112-W.

ARE YOU A COLLECTOR OF SPECIAL SETS OF LITERATURE? Send for bargain list. Box 964-T.

OUTDOOR LOVING WESTERN GAL, confined to corral of big city, offers wide reaching correspondence to gentleman who is mildly cultured and has diversified interests. Box 88-W.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE seeks congenial couple with car touring New England for one week. Divide expenses and driving. Box 89-W.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

"GREEN SHADOWS", Lyme, Conn. No rooms until September first.

FAIRWOOD FARM, Morrisville, Vermont offers country hospitality the year round. Terms $28 a week and up.

GENTLEMAN, who loves life, people, nature, desires interesting female correspondence. Box 86-W.

MOUNTAIN-TOP EMPIRE OF 70 ACRES, 1600 feet up, secluded and scenic. 2½ miles from Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.; less than 2 hours from Times Square. Farmland needs cultivating but there's a stream, pond, 12 brooks, 5 springs and considerable salable timber. Farmhouse (8 rooms, 2 baths) built 1859, remodeled 1936, is sound, and panting for someone with ideas. 24-ft. living-dining room with fieldstone fireplace; oil steam heat, electricity and telephone. Garage; barn. Energy and imagination can make this quite a hideaway. $17,500 starts you. See your own Realtor (mention Listing 42098) or Previews, Inc., 49 East 53 Street, New York 22.

EVERY PICTURE AN ENLARGEMENT . . . BIGGER and better snapshots than you have ever seen before! New electronic developments give you improved lifetime deckel-edge enlargements at our same low prices. Any 8-exposure roll developed and printed enlarge size 25¢, reprints 3¢ each. Fast, accurate service guaranteed! Send for free mailers, today! Enlarge Photo Service, Box 791P, Boston, Mass.

"O SLEEP! It is a gentle thing. Beloved from pole to pole."—You were right, Sam—but how in heck can one get sleep with all the noises around us? To beat the game use "Flents Anti-noise Ear Stopples"—Soothers for Snoozers, on the market since 1927. Trial box 25¢. Flents Products Co., Inc, Dept. S34, 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

MINIATURE SCHNAUZERS three months old. Registered champion stock. Barclay, Ramond St., Chevy Chase, Maryland.

OLD CHINESE COINS. Nanking University professor wishes to sell his collection of 1600 items. Address available on enquiry. Bernard Harkness, Moravia, New York.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN HOME—Writer's delight, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, shower, gas, electricity, fireplace, large living room, bookcases, garage, furnished, linens, altitude 8,300 feet, groceries one mile, isolated, near good roads and University. $6,000. Fritz Hoffman, 1000 12th, Boulder, Colorado.

MEMBER, lost sex, age 23, B.A. degree, intelligent, adaptable, personable, employed excellent but soulless position Sweden, hunting challenging hard, soulful work. Like people, travel, writing, ideas, action. Knows German, French, Swedish, English. Available September, Europe, North America; January rest of world. Takers? Box 87-W.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT. 290 acres, half pasture and meadow land, half wooded slopes rising to elevation of 1100 ft. at top of Turner Mt., 1 mile of good trout stream (Great Brook), waterfalls, pond. Excellent views, numerous building sites. Lodge House, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, convection radiation, all brass plumbing and heating, separate boiler room with hot water boiler oversized to supply future main house, 3 car heated fireproof garage with 1,000 gal. gasoline storage. Numerous out-buildings. Remodelled Colonial House—South wall of glass, studio living room, original chestnut beams and floors, 3 bedrooms, 1 bath, top floor studio workroom, 2 car garage, barn and out buildings. 2 other barns on property. Can be shown—open to reasonable proposition on whole or part. Probable price $75,000. Brokers protected. Van Dam, Mordecai & Co., Inc., 108 East 48 Street, N.Y.C. 17, PL 5-1380.

IS THERE AN IMAGINATIVE FAMILY or couple or individuals who would like a beautiful old farm home with swimming pool, horses, etc. one hour's drive from Boston in which to create, live and play the year round in exchange for managing and maintaining it as a guest home and sharing profits? Write with full description and photo of selves. Box 115-W.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT with good record in publishing, fast, precise, capable, looking for opening in New York. Box 116-W.

THE MOORS, an island Pension at Vinalhaven, Maine. Rates $45.00 and $40.00 a week, board and room.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 694

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

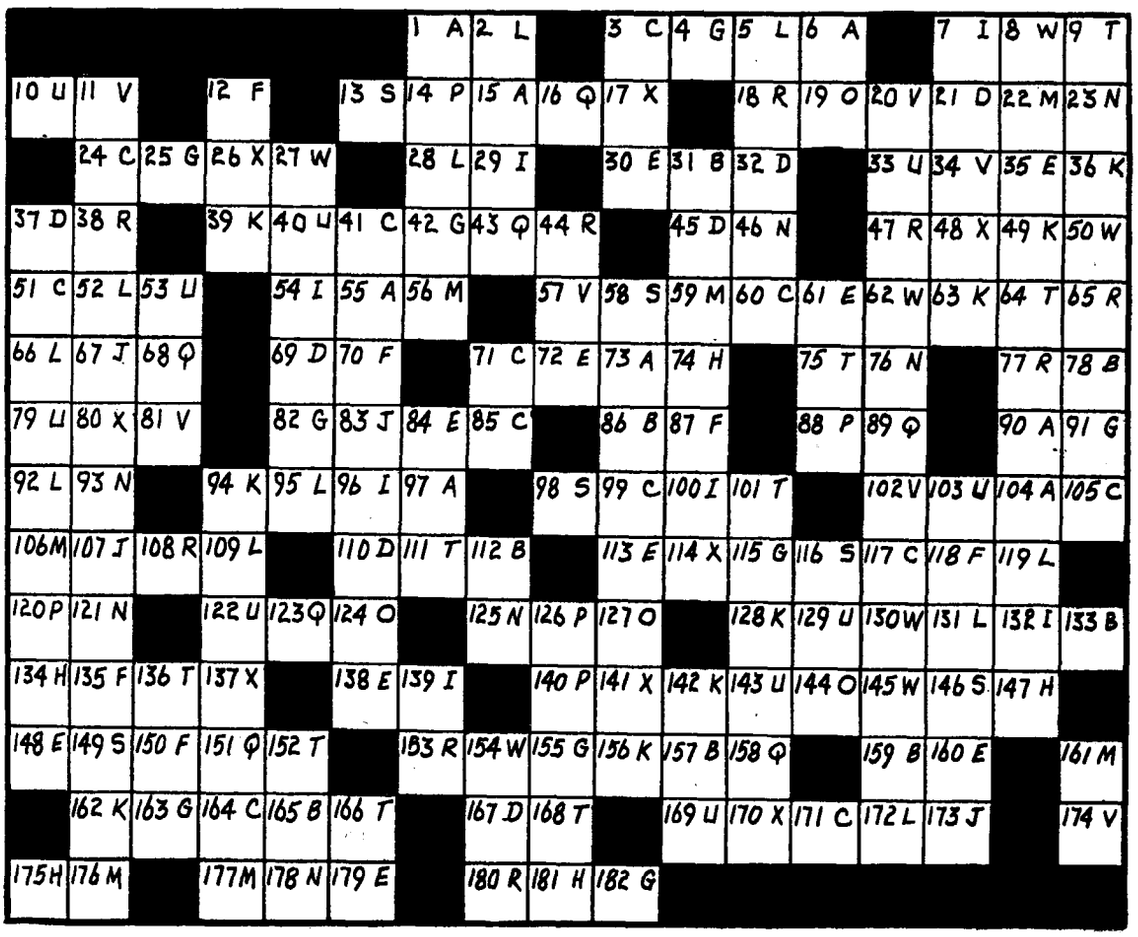
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The men, sometimes called deacons, chosen by the Apostles (Bib.; 2 wds.).	1 90 6 104 15 73 97 55
B. One stupidly headstrong or stubborn.	159 78 133 165 31 157 86 112
C. Son of Jonathan and grandson of Saul (Bib.).	85 51 41 3 105 117 171 24 71 60 164 99
D. Indeclinable nouns (Gram.).	110 21 167 45 69 32 37
E. Building in Cincinnati, among America's tallest (2 wds.).	113 72 179 160 148 30 138 35 84 61
F. Pertaining to, or full of, seaweeds.	12 118 135 70 150 87
G. To set to work on; to set upon (4 wds.).	25 115 4 182 155 91 82 163 42
H. Battle in England, May 14, 1264; Simon de Montfort defeated Henry III.	175 74 181 134 147
I. Bound by obligation.	54 139 7 132 29 100 96
J. Utterance of one yawning (Comp.).	173 67 83 107
K. Made trial or experiment of.	49 162 142 156 94 128 63 36 39
L. Good-breeding; refined manners (Fr.; comp.).	109 95 5 2 28 172 92 66 131 52 119
M. A tree cut back from the trunk to promote dense head of foliage; hornless animal.	59 177 176 22 161 106 56

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A deadening of tones with the hand (harp-playing; Fr.).	93 125 76 178 121 46 23
O. Well-known stone near Saul's residence, parting place of David and Jonathan (Bib.).	127 144 19 124
P. In Russian folklore, a devil.	140 126 120 14 88
Q. Author of "Sevenoaks" (1875).	43 89 151 123 16 68 158
R. Surpasses; leaves behind.	180 108 38 44 65 77 153 18 47
S. A kind of candy with pistachio, almonds, or other nuts, stirred into a sugar paste.	146 149 58 13 116 98
T. King of Crete, leader against Troy.	64 152 168 101 166 111 136 9 75
U. Heroine of an old treasured Kentucky song (Full name; var. sp.).	10 103 79 33 143 40 169 129 122 53
V. Thingumbobs (Colloq. U. S.).	81 20 34 102 174 11 57
W. Appeals for support; conjures.	130 154 50 8 27 145 62
X. Two groups of islands in the West Indies.	114 26 17 141 48 170 80 137

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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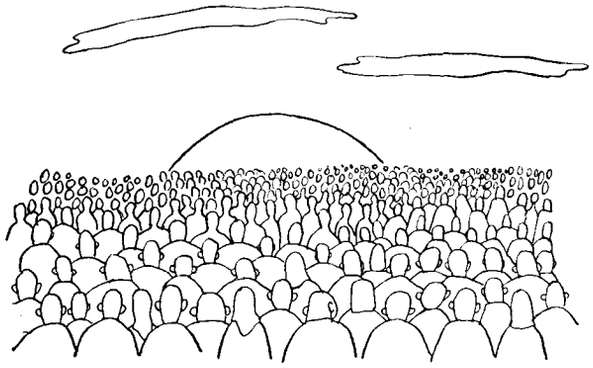
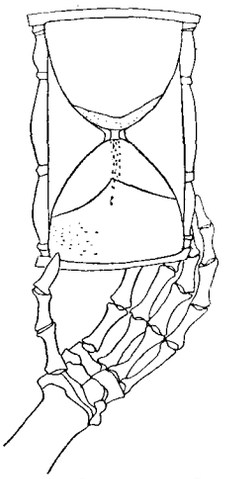
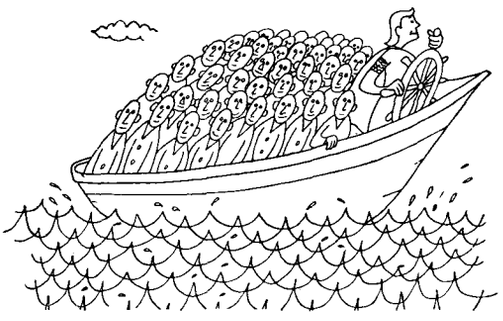


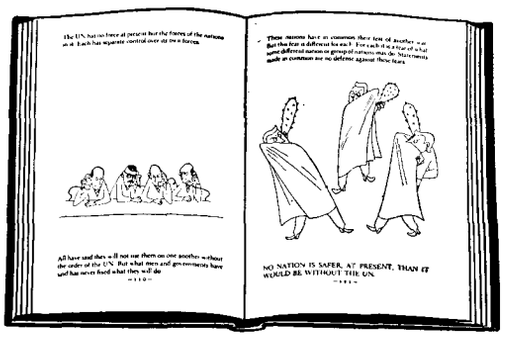
1. Is man's sun going down or coming up?



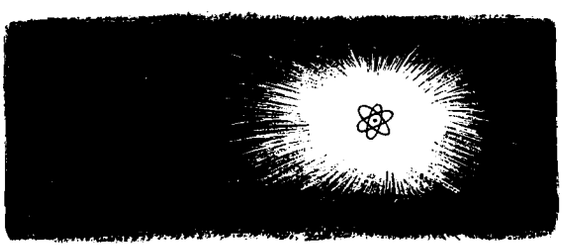
2. It all depends on what we think and do in the next few years.



3. A well known teacher and writer, an expert on Basic English, has written a simple book which may help save us.



4. It uses a vocabulary of less than 400 easy English words, and the idea on each page is pictured with a helpful drawing.



5. It makes it easier to think straight about the real cause of war. And it gives a plan which could free us from fear of the atom bomb.

6. The book is called

Nations and Peace

and it is written by

I. A. RICHARDS

with pictures drawn by

RAMON GORDON

It has just been published by Simon and Schuster at $2.75.

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